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CHARLES H. JONES

WITH ILLUSTRATED TITLE AND VIGNETTES

DRAWN BY

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AND ENGRAVED

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PREFACE.

AS the title which, for want of a better, has been given to this book does not explain itself as lucidly as could be wished, it will be acceptable to the reader, perhaps, if the Editor attempts here what it was necessary for him to do in his own mind at the very beginning of his task, namely, to frame a correct or at least intelligible definition of what is meant by *vers de société*. Fortunately, as he discovered after the present collection was nearly completed, such a definition has been furnished by Mr. Frederick Locker, himself probably the most sympathetic student, as he is certainly second to none as a writer, of this species of verse. In the Introduction to his "Lyra Elegantiarum" he says: "Lest any reader who may not be familiar with this description of poetry should be misled by the adoption of the French title, which the absence of any precise English equivalent renders necessary, it may be as well to observe that *vers de société* need by no means be confined to topics of artificial life. Subjects of

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the most exalted and of the most trivial character may be treated with equal success, provided the manner of their treatment is in accordance with the following characteristics. Genuine *vers de société* and *vers d'occasion* should be short, elegant, refined, and fanciful, not seldom distinguished by chastened sentiment, and often playful. The tone should not be pitched high; it should be idiomatic, and rather in the conversational key; the rhythm should be crisp and sparkling, and the rhyme frequent and nerver forced, while the entire poem should be marked by tasteful moderation, high finish, and completeness; for, however trivial the subject-matter may be, indeed rather in proportion to its triviality, subordination to the rules of composition and perfection of execution should be strictly enforced. The definition may be further illustrated by a few examples of pieces which, from the absence of some of the foregoing qualities, or from the excess of others, cannot be properly classed as *vers de société*, though they may bear a certain generic resemblance to that species of poetry. The ballad of 'John Gilpin,' for instance, is too broadly and simply humorous; Swift's 'Lines on the Death of Marlborough,' and Byron's 'Windsor Poetics,' are too savage and truculent; Cowper's 'My Mary' is far too pathetic; Herrick's lyrics to 'Blossoms' and 'Daffodils' are too elevated; 'Sally in our Alley' is too homely, and

too entirely simple and natural; while the 'Rape of the Lock,' which would otherwise be one of the finest specimens of *vers de société* in any language, must be excluded on account of its length, which renders it much too important. Every piece selected for a volume of this kind cannot be expected to exhibit all the characteristics above enumerated, but the two qualities of brevity and buoyancy are absolutely essential. The poem may be tinctured with a well-bred philosophy, it may be gay and gallant, it may be playfully malicious or tenderly ironical, it may display lively banter, and it may be satirically facetious; it may even, considering it merely as a work of art, be pagan in its philosophy, or trifling in its tone, but it must never be ponderous or commonplace. . . . .

"The chief merit of *vers de société* is, that it should seem to be entirely spontaneous: when the reader says to himself, 'I could have written that, and easily too,' he pays the poet the highest possible compliment. At the same time it is right to observe, that this absence of effort, as recognized in most works of real excellence, is only apparent; the writing of *vers de société* is a difficult accomplishment, and no one has fully succeeded in it without possessing a certain gift of irony, which is not only a much rarer quality than humor, or even wit, but is altogether less commonly met with than is sometimes

imagined. At the same time this description of poetry seems so easy to write that a long catalogue of authors, both famous and obscure, have attempted it, but in the great majority of cases with very indifferent success. This frequent liability to failure will excite less surprise if it be borne in mind that the possession of the true poetic faculty is not sufficient of itself to guarantee capacity for this inferior branch of the art of versification. The writer of *vers de société*, in order to be genuinely successful, must not only be more or less of a poet, but he must also be a man of the world, in the most liberal sense of the expression; he must have mixed throughout his life with the most refined and cultivated members of his species, not merely as an idle bystander, but as a busy actor in the throng. A professed poet, however exalted his faculty, will seldom write the best *vers de société*, just because writing is the business of his life; for it appears to be an essential characteristic of these brilliant trifles, that they should be thrown off in the leisure moments of men whose lives are devoted to graver pursuits."

A reviewer in a late number of the *London Times* makes the following noteworthy remarks on the subject of *vers de société*, more especially of a certain kind, which supplement in a graceful way the foregoing observations of Mr. Locker: "It is the poetry of men who belong to society, who have a keen sym-

pathy with the lightsome tone and airy jesting of fashion; who are not disturbed by the flippancies of small-talk, but, on the contrary, can see the gracefulness of which it is capable, and who, nevertheless, amid all this froth of society, feel that there are depths in our nature, which even in the gayety of drawing-rooms cannot be forgotten. Theirs is the poetry of bitter-sweet, of sentiment that breaks into humor, and of solemn thought, which, lest it should be too solemn, plunges into laughter: it is in an especial sense the verse of society. When society ceases to be simple, it becomes sceptical. Nor are we utterly to condemn this sceptical temper as a sign of corruption. It is assumed in self defence, and becomes a necessity of rapid conversation. When society becomes refined, it begins to dread the exhibition of strong feeling, no matter whether real or simulated. If real, it disturbs the level of conversation and of manners—if simulated, so much the worse. In such an atmosphere, emotion takes refuge in jest, and passion hides itself in scepticism of passion: we are not going to wear our hearts upon our sleeves; rather than that, we shall pretend to have no heart at all; and if, perchance, a bit of it should peep out, we shall hide it as quickly as possible, and laugh at the exposure as a good joke. . . In the poets who represent this social mood there is a delicious piquancy, and the way they play at bo-

peep with their feelings makes them a class by themselves."

The following collection, as the reader will observe, attempts to represent only that portion of *vers de société* for which we are indebted to *modern* poets, in other words, to poets who have written in that distinctively modern spirit of which Praed is perhaps the earliest and most typical example. The Editor believes that his collection represents fairly and with at least an approach to completeness the best *vers de société* from about the beginning of the century to our own time. If some pieces are omitted which would seem entitled to a place in such a work, it must be attributed to the necessary limitations as to space; and if others are included which bring into prominence a number of authors comparatively little known, it must be attributed to a natural desire on the part of the Editor, when two or more pieces of equal merit offered themselves, to present that one with which the reader is least likely to be already familiar.

It can hardly be necessary to state that the prominence assigned to the different authors in this book is not intended to indicate their relative position as poets, but merely as writers of this particular kind of verse. Longfellow and Lowell, for instance, are naturally expected to fill a large space in any collection of recent poetry which includes American

authors; but their Muse has seldom led them in the direction of *vers de société*—though readers of "Without and Within" will regret that Lowell at least has not made more frequent excursions into this field. It is pleasant, however, to be able to add that Mr. Locker assigns the first place among living writers of *vers de société* to Dr. Holmes; and that another English poet, who worthily contests the precedence with Mr. Locker, has, in a private letter, expressed the same opinion.

Thanks are due to the proprietors of the copyright pieces by American authors (in particular to Messrs. J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston) for their courtesy and liberality in allowing their insertion.

C. H. J.

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DRAED

THE BELLE OF THE BALL-ROOM.

YEARS—years ago,—ere yet my dreams
Had been of being wise or witty,—
Ere I had done with writing themes,
Or yawn'd o'er this infernal Chitty;—
Years—years ago,—while all my joy
Was in my fowling-piece and filly,—
In short, while I was yet a boy,
I fell in love with Laura Lily.

I saw her at the County Ball:
There, where the sounds of flute and fiddle,
Gave signal sweet, in that old hall,
Of hands across and down the middle,

THE BELLE OF THE BALL-ROOM.

Hers was the subtlest spell by far
Of all that set young hearts romancing;
She was our queen, our rose, our star;
And then she danced—O Heaven, her dancing!

Dark was her hair, her hand was white;
Her voice was exquisitely tender;
Her eyes were full of liquid light;
I never saw a waist so slender!
Her every look, her every smile,
Shot right and left a score of arrows;
I thought 'twas Venus from her isle,
And wonder'd where she'd left her sparrows.

She talk'd,—of politics or prayers,—
Or Southey's prose, or Wordsworth's sonnets,—
Of danglers—or of dancing bears,
Of battles—or the last new bonnets,

THE BELLE OF THE BALL-ROOM.

By candlelight, at twelve o'clock,
To me it matter'd not a tittle;
If those bright lips had quoted Locke,
I might have thought they murmur'd Little.

Through sunny May, through sultry June,
I loved her with a love eternal;
I spoke her praises to the moon,
I wrote them to the Sunday Journal:
My mother laugh'd; I soon found out
That ancient ladies have no feeling:
My father frown'd; but how should gout
See any happiness in kneeling?

She was the daughter of a Dean,
Rich, fat, and rather apoplectic;
She had one brother, just thirteen,
Whose color was extremely hectic;

Her grandmother for many a year
  Had fed the parish with her bounty;
Her second cousin was a peer,
  And Lord Lieutenant of the County.

But titles, and the three per cents.,
  And mortgages, and great relations,
And India bonds, and tithes, and rents,
  Oh what are they to love's sensations?
Black eyes, fair forehead, clustering locks—
  Such wealth, such honors, Cupid chooses,
He cares as little for the Stocks,
  As Baron Rothschild for the Muses.

She sketch'd; the vale, the wood, the beach,
  Grew lovelier from her pencil's shading:
She botanized; I envied each
  Young blossom in her boudoir fading:

She warbled Handel; it was grand;
She made the Catalani jealous:
She touch'd the organ; I could stand
For hours and hours to blow the bellows.

She kept an album, too, at home,
Well fill'd with all an album's glories;
Paintings of butterflies, and Rome,
Patterns for trimmings, Persian stories;
Soft songs to Julia's cockatoo,
Fierce odes to Famine and to Slaughter,
And autographs of Prince Leboo,
And recipes for elder-water.

And she was flatter'd, worshipp'd, bored;
Her steps were watch'd, her dress was noted;
Her poodle dog was quite adored,
Her sayings were extremely quoted;

She laugh'd, and every heart was glad,
As if the taxes were abolish'd;
She frown'd, and every look was sad,
As if the Opera were demolish'd.

She smiled on many, just for fun,—
I knew that there was nothing in it;
I was the first—the only one
Her heart had thought of for a minute.—
I knew it, for she told me so,
In phrase which was divinely moulded;
She wrote a charming hand,—and oh!
How sweetly all her notes were folded!

Our love was like most other loves;—
A little glow, a little shiver,
A rose-bud, and a pair of gloves,
And "Fly not yet"—upon the river;

THE BELLE OF THE BALL-ROOM.

Some jealousy of some one's heir,
Some hopes of dying broken-hearted,
A miniature, a lock of hair,
The usual vows,—and then we parted.

We parted; months and years roll'd by;
We met again four summers after:
Our parting was all sob and sigh;
Our meeting was all mirth and laughter:
For in my heart's most secret cell
There had been many other lodgers;
And she was not the ball-room's Belle,
But only—Mrs. Something Rogers!

A LETTER OF ADVICE.

From Miss Medora Trevilian, at Padua, to Miss Araminta Vavasour, in London.

YOU tell me you're promised a lover,
My own Araminta, next week;
Why cannot my fancy discover
The hue of his coat and his cheek?
Alas! if he look like another,
A vicar, a banker, a beau,
Be deaf to your father and mother,
My own Araminta, say "No!"

Miss Lane, at her Temple of Fashion,
Taught us both how to sing and to speak,
And we loved one another with passion,
Before we had been there a week:
You gave me a ring for a token;
I wear it wherever I go;

A LETTER OF ADVICE.

I gave you a chain,—is it broken?
My own Araminta, say "No!"

O think of our favorite cottage,
And think of our dear Lalla Rookh!
How we shared with the milkmaids their pottage,
And drank of the stream from the brook;
How fondly our loving lips falter'd,
"What further can grandeur bestow?"
My heart is the same;—is yours alter'd?
My own Araminta, say "No!"

Remember the thrilling romances
We read on the bank in the glen;
Remember the suitors our fancies
Would picture for both of us then.
They wore the red cross on their shoulder,
They had vanquish'd and pardon'd their foe,
Sweet friend, are you wiser or colder?
My own Araminta, say "No!"

A LETTER OF ADVICE.

You know, when Lord Rigmarole's carriage,
Drove off with your Cousin Justine,
You wept, dearest girl, at the marriage,
And whisper'd "How base she has been!"
You said you were sure it would kill you,
If ever your husband look'd so;
And you will not apostatize,—will you?
My own Araminta, say "No!"

When I heard I was going abroad, love,
I thought I was going to die;
We walk'd arm in arm to the road, love,
We look'd arm in arm to the sky;
And I said "When a foreign postilion
Has hurried me off to the Po,
Forget not Medora Trevilian:
My own Araminta, say 'No!'"

We parted! but sympathy's fetters
Reach far over valley and hill;

A LETTER OF ADVICE.

I muse o'er your exquisite letters,
And feel that your heart is mine still;
And he who would share it with me, love,—
The richest of treasures below,—
If he's not what Orlando should be, love,
My own Araminta, say "No!"

If he wears a top-boot in his wooing,
If he comes to you riding a cob,
If he talks of his baking or brewing,
If he puts up his feet on the hob,
If he ever drinks port after dinner,
If his brow or his breeding is low,
If he calls himself "Thompson" or "Skinner,"
My own Araminta, say "No!"

If he studies the news in the papers
While you are preparing the tea,
If he talks of the damps or the vapors
While moonlight lies soft on the sea,

If he's sleepy while you are capricious,
If he has not a musical "Oh!"
If he does not call Werther delicious,
My own Araminta, say "No!"

If he ever sets foot in the City
Among the stockbrokers and Jews,
If he has not a heart full of pity,
If he don't stand six feet in his shoes,
If his lips are not redder than roses,
If his hands are not whiter than snow,
If he has not the model of noses,—
My own Araminta, say "No!"

If he speaks of a tax or a duty,
If he does not look grand on his knees,
If he's blind to a landscape of beauty,
Hills, valleys, rocks, waters, and trees,
If he dotes not on desolate towers,
If he likes not to hear the blast blow,

If he knows not the language of flowers,—
My own Araminta, say "No!"

He must walk—like a god of old story
Come down from the home of his rest;
He must smile—like the sun in his glory
On the buds he loves ever the best;
And oh! from its ivory portal
Like music his soft speech must flow!—
If he speak, smile, or walk like a mortal,
My own Araminta, say "No!"

Don't listen to tales of his bounty,
Don't hear what they say of his birth,
Don't look at his seat in the county,
Don't calculate what he is worth;
But give him a theme to write verse on,
And see if he turns out his toe;
If he's only an excellent person,—
My own Araminta, say "No!"

OUR BALL.

YOU'LL come to our Ball;—since we parted,
I've thought of you more than I'll say;
Indeed, I was half broken-hearted
For a week, when they took you away.
Fond fancy brought back to my slumbers
Our walks on the Ness and the Den,
And echo'd the musical numbers
Which you used to sing to me then.
I know the romance, since it's over,
'Twere idle, or worse, to recall:
I know you're a terrible rover,
But Clarence, you'll come to our Ball!

It's only a year, since, at College,
You put on your cap and your gown;
But, Clarence, you're grown out of knowledge,
And changed from the spur to the crown:

The voice that was best when it faltered
  Is fuller and firmer in tone,
And the smile that should never have alter'd—
  Dear Clarence—it is not your own;
Your cravat is badly selected:
  Your coat don't become you at all;
And why is your hair so neglected?
  You must have it curl'd for our Ball.

I've often been out upon Haldon
  To look for a covey with pup;
I've often been over to Shaldon
  To see how your boat is laid up.
In spite of the terrors of Aunty,
  I've ridden the filly you broke;
And I've studied your sweet little Dante
  In the shade of your favorite oak:
When I sat in July to Sir Lawrence,
  I sat in your love of a shawl;

And I'll wear what you brought me from Florence,
Perhaps, if you'll come to our Ball.

You'll find us all chang'd since you vanish'd;
We've set up a National School;
And waltzing is utterly banish'd,
And Ellen has married a fool;
The Major is going to travel,
Miss Hyacinth threatens a rout,
The walk is laid down with fresh gravel,
Papa is laid up with the gout;
And Jane has gone on with her easels,
And Anne has gone off with Sir Paul;
And Fanny is sick with the measles,—
And I'll tell you the rest at the Ball.

You'll meet all your Beauties; the Lily,
And the Fairy of Willowbrook Farm,
And Lucy, who made me so silly
At Dawlish, by taking your arm;

Miss Manners, who always abused you
For talking so much about Hock,
And her sister, who often amused you
By raving of rebels and Rock;
And something which surely would answer,
An heiress quite fresh from Bengal;
So, though you were seldom a dancer,
You'll dance, just for once, at our Ball.

But out on the World! from the flowers
It shuts out the sunshine of truth:
It blights the green leaves in the bowers,
It makes an old age of our youth;
And the flow of our feeling, once in it,
Like a streamlet beginning to freeze,
Though it cannot turn ice in a minute,
Grows harder by sudden degrees:
Time treads o'er the graves of affection,
Sweet honey is turn'd into gall;

Perhaps you have no recollection
That ever you danced at our Ball!

You once could be pleased with our ballads,—
To-day you have critical ears;
You once could be charm'd with our salads—
Alas! you've been dining with Peers;
You trifled and flirted with many,—
You've forgotten the when and the how;
There was one you liked better than any,—
Perhaps you've forgotten her now.
But of those you remember most newly,
Of those who delight or enthrall,
None love you a quarter so truly,
As some you will find at our Ball.

They tell me you've many who flatter,
Because of your wit and your song:
They tell me—and what does it matter?—
You like to be praised by the throng:

They tell me you're shadow'd with laurel:
They tell me you're loved by a Blue:
They tell me you're sadly immoral—
Dear Clarence, that cannot be true!
But to me, you are still what I found you,
Before you grew clever and tall;
And you'll think of the spell that once bound you;
And you'll come—won't you come?—to our Ball!

THE CHAUNT OF THE BRAZEN HEAD.

I THINK, whatever mortals crave,
With impotent endeavor,—
A wreath, a rank, a throne, a grave,—
The world goes round for ever;
I think that life is not too long;
And therefore I determine,
That many people read a song
Who will not read a sermon.

THE CHAUNT OF THE BRAZEN HEAD.

I think you've look'd through many hearts,
And mused on many actions,
And studied Man's component parts,
And Nature's compound fractions:
I think you've pick'd up truth by bits
From foreigner and neighbor;
I think the world has lost its wits,
And you have lost your labor.

I think the studies of the wise,
The hero's noisy quarrel,
The majesty of Woman's eyes,
The poet's cherish'd laurel,
And all that makes us lean or fat,
And all that charms or troubles,—
This bubble is more bright than that
But still they are all bubbles.

I think the thing you call Renown,
The unsubstantial vapor

For which the soldier burns a town,
The sonnetteer a taper,
Is like the mist which, as he flies,
The horseman leaves behind him;
He cannot mark its wreaths arise,
Or if he does they blind him.

I think one nod of Mistress Chance
Makes creditors of debtors,
And shifts the funeral for the dance,
The sceptre for the fetters:
I think that Fortune's favor'd guest
May live to gnaw the platters,
And he that wears the purple vest
May wear the rags and tatters.

I think the Tories love to buy
"Your Lordships" and "your Graces,"
By loathing common honesty,
And lauding commonplaces:

THE CHAUNT OF THE BRAZEN HEAD.

I think that some are very wise,
And some are very funny,
And some grow rich by telling lies,
And some by telling money.

I think the Whigs are wicked knaves—
(And very like the Tories)—
Who doubt that Britain rules the waves,
And ask the price of glories:
I think that many fret and fume
At what their friends are planning,
And Mr. Hume hates Mr. Brougham
As much as Mr. Canning.

I think that friars and their hoods,
Their doctrines and their maggots,
Have lighted up too many feuds,
And far too many faggots:

THE CHAUNT OF THE BRAZEN HEAD.

I think, while zealots fast and frown,
And fight for two or seven,
That there are fifty roads to town,
And rather more to Heaven.

I think that, thanks to Paget's lance,
And thanks to Chester's learning,
The hearts that burn'd for fame in France
At home are safe from burning:
I think the Pope is on his back;
And, though 'tis fun to shake him,
I think the Devil not so black
As many people make him.

I think that Love is like a play,
Where tears and smiles are blended,
Or like a faithless April day,
Whose shine with shower is ended:

THE CHAUNT OF THE BRAZEN HEAD.

Like Colnbrook pavement, rather rough,
  Like trade, exposed to losses,
And like a Highland plaid,—all stuff,
  And very full of crosses.

I think the world, though dark it be,
  Has aye one rapturous pleasure
Conceal'd in life's monotony,
  For those who seek the treasure;
One planet in a starless night,
  One blossom on a briar,
One friend not quite a hypocrite,
  One woman not a liar!

I think poor beggars court St. Giles,
  Rich beggars court St. Stephen;
And death looks down with nods and smiles,
  And makes the odds all even:

THE CHAUNT OF THE BRAZEN HEAD.

I think some die upon the field,
And some upon the billow,
And some are laid beneath a shield,
And some beneath a willow.

I think that very few have sigh'd
When Fate at last has found them,
Though bitter foes were by their side,
And barren moss around them:
I think that some have died of drought,
And some have died of drinking;
I think that naught is worth a thought,—
And I'm a fool for thinking!

MY LITTLE COUSINS.

LAUGH on, fair Cousins, for to you
All life is joyous yet;
Your hearts have all things to pursue,
And nothing to regret;
And every flower to you is fair;
And every month is May:
You've not been introduced to Care,—
Laugh on, laugh on to-day!

Old Time will fling his clouds ere long
Upon those sunny eyes;
The voice whose every word is song,
Will set itself to sighs;
Your quiet slumbers,—hopes and fears
Will chase their rest away:
To-morrow you'll be shedding tears,—
Laugh on, laugh on to-day!

MY LITTLE COUSINS.

Oh yes, if any truth is found
In the dull schoolman's theme,
If friendship is an empty sound,
And love an idle dream,
If mirth, youth's playmate, feels fatigue
Too soon on life's long way,
At least he'll run with you a league;—
Laugh on, laugh on to-day!

Perhaps your eyes may grow more bright
As childhood's hues depart;
You may be lovelier to the sight,
And dearer to the heart;
You may be sinless still, and see
This earth still green and gay;
But what you are you will not be:
Laugh on, laugh on to-day!

O'er me have many winters crept
With less of grief than joy;

But I have learn'd, and toil'd, and wept;
I am no more a boy!
I've never had the gout, 'tis true;
My hair is hardly grey;
But now I cannot laugh like you:
Laugh on, laugh on to-day!

I used to have as glad a face,
As shadowless a brow;
I once could run as blithe a race
As you are running now;
But never mind how I behave,
Don't interrupt your play;
And though I look so very grave,
Laugh on, laugh on to-day!

LANDOR

THE EFFECTS OF AGE.

YES, I write verses now and then,
But blunt and flaccid is my pen,
No longer talked of by young men
As rather clever.
In their last quarter are my eyes,
You see it by their form and size,
Is it not time, then, to be wise?—
Or now, or never.

Fairest that ever sprang from Eve!
While time allows the short reprieve
Just look at me! Could you believe
'Twas once a lover?

THE EFFECTS OF AGE.

I cannot clear the five-barred gate,
But trying first it's timber's state,
Climb stiffly up, take breath and wait,
To trundle over.

Through galopade I cannot swing
Th' entangling blooms of beauty's spring;
I cannot say the tender thing,
Be't true or false.
And am beginning to opine
Those girls are only half divine
Whose waists you wicked boys entwine
In giddy waltz.

I fear that arm above that shoulder,
I wish them wiser, graver, older,
Sedater, and no harm if colder,
And panting less.

Ah! people were not half so wild
In former days, when, starchly mild,
Upon her high-heeled Essex smiled
The brave Queen Bess.

UNDER THE LINDENS.

UNDER the lindens lately sat
A couple, and no more, in chat;
I wondered what they would be at
Under the lindens.

I saw four eyes and four lips meet;
I heard the words "How sweet! how sweet!"
Had then the fairies given a treat
Under the lindens?

I pondered long and could not tell
What dainty pleased them both so well:
Bees! Bees! was it your hydromel
Under the lindens?

NO LONGER JEALOUS.

I REMEMBER the time ere his temples were grey,
And I frowned at the things he'd the boldness to say,
But now he's grown old, he may say what he will,
I laugh at his nonsense and take nothing ill.

Indeed I must say he's a little improved,
For he watches no longer the "slily beloved,"
No longer as once he awakens my fears,
Not a glance he perceives, not a whisper he hears.

If he heard one of late, it has never transpired,
For his only delight is to see me admired;
And now pray what better return can I make,
Than to flirt and be always admired—for his sake?

DEFIANCE.

CATCH her and hold her if you can. . . .
See, she defies you with her fan,
Shuts, opens, and then holds it spread
In threatening guise above your head.
Ah! why did you not start before
She reached the porch and closed the door?
Simpleton! will you never learn
That girls and time will not return;
Of each you should have made the most;
Once gone, they are forever lost.
In vain your knuckles knock your brow,
In vain will you remember how
Like a slim brook the gamesome maid
Sparkled, and ran into the shade.

THE ONE WHITE HAIR.

THE wisest of the wise
Listen to pretty lies
And love to hear them told:
Doubt not that Solomon
Listened to many a one,—
Some in his youth, and more when he grew old.

I never was among
The choir of Wisdom's song,
But pretty lies loved I,
As much as any king
When youth was on the wing,
And (must it then be told) when youth had quite gone by.

Alas! and I have not
The pleasant hour forgot
When one pert lady said,

"O Landor! I am quite
Bewildered with affright!
I see (sit quiet now) a white hair on your head!"

Another more benign
Drew out that hair of mine,
And in her own dark hair
Pretended it was found,
That one, and twirled it round . . .
Fair as she was, she never was so fair!

LITTLE AGLÄE.

(To her father, on her statue being called like her.)

FATHER! the little girl we see
Is not, I fancy, so like me . . .
You never hold her on your knee.

SIXTEEN.

When she came home, the other day,
You kissed; but I cannot say
She kissed you first and ran away.

SIXTEEN.

IN Clementina's artless mien
Lucilla asks me what I see—
And are the roses of sixteen
Enough for me?

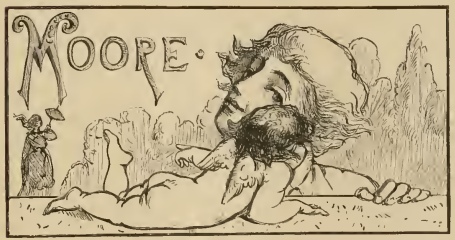
Lucilla asks, if that be all,
Have I not culled as sweet before?
Ah yes, Lucilla, and their fall
I still deplore.

I now behold another scene,
Where pleasure beams with heaven's own light,—
More pure, more constant, more serene,
And not less bright.

Faith, on whose breast the Loves repose,
Whose chain of flowers no force can sever;
And Modesty, who, when she goes,
Is gone, forever!

PLAYS.

ALAS, how soon the hours are over
Counted us out to play the lover!
And how much narrower is the stage
Alloted us to play the sage!
But when we play the fool, how wide
The theatre expands! beside,
How long the audience sit before us:
How many prompters, what a chorus!


MOORE.

THE TIME I'VE LOST IN WOOING.

THE time I've lost in wooing,
In watching and pursuing
The light that lies
In woman's eyes,
Has been my heart's undoing.
Tho' Wisdom oft has sought me,
I scorn'd the lore she brought me,
My only books
Were woman's looks,
And folly's all they taught me.

Her smile when Beauty granted,
I hung with gaze enchanted,

Like him the sprite
Whom maids by night
Oft meet in glen that's haunted.
Like him, too, Beauty won me;
If once their ray
Was turn'd away,
O! winds could not outrun me.

And are those follies going?
And is my proud heart growing
Too cold or wise
For brilliant eyes
Again to set it glowing?
No—vain, alas! th' endeavor
From bonds so sweet to sever;—
Poor Wisdom's chance
Against a glance
Is now as weak as ever.

DEAR FANNY.

"SHE has beauty, but still you must keep
your heart cool:
She has wit, but you musn't be caught so:"
Thus Reason advises, but Reason's a fool,
And 'tis not the first time I have thought so,
Dear Fanny,
'Tis not the first time I have thought so.

"She is lovely; then love her, nor let the bliss fly;
'Tis the charm of youth's vanishing season;"
Thus Love has advised me, and who will deny
That Love reasons much better than Reason,
Dear Fanny?
Love reasons much better than Reason.

A TEMPLE TO FRIENDSHIP.

"A TEMPLE to Friendship," said Laura, enchanted,
"I'll build in this garden,—the thought is divine!"
Her temple was built, and she now only wanted
An image of Friendship to place on the shrine.
She flew to a sculptor, who set down before her
A Friendship, the fairest his art could invent;
But so cold and so dull, that the youthful adorer
Saw plainly this was not the idol she meant.

"Oh never," she cried, "could I think of enshrining
An image whose looks are so joyless and dim:—
But yon little god, upon roses reclining,
We'll make, if you please, sir, a Friendship of him."

So the bargain was struck: with the little god laden
She joyfully flew to her shrine in the grove;
"Farewell," said the sculptor, "you're not the first
maiden
Who came but for Friendship and took away
Love."

REASON, FOLLY, AND BEAUTY.

REASON, and Folly, and Beauty, they say
Went on a party of pleasure one day:
Folly play'd
Around the maid,
The bells of his cap rang merrily out;
While Reason took
To his sermon-book—
O! which was the pleasanter nò one need doub'
Which was the pleasanter no one need doubt.

REASON, FOLLY, AND BEAUTY.

Beauty, who likes to be thought very sage,
Turn'd for a moment to Reason's dull page,
Till Folly said,
"Look here, sweet maid!"—
The sight of his cap brought her back to herself,
While Reason read
His leaves of lead,
With no one to mind him, poor sensible elf!
No,—no one to mind him, poor sensible elf!

Then Reason grew jealous of Folly's gay cap;
Had he that on, he her heart might entrap—
"There it is,"
Quoth Folly, "old quiz!"
(Folly was always good-natured, 'tis said.)
"Under the sun
There's no such fun,
As Reason with my cap and bells on his head,
Reason with my cap and bells on his head!"

But Reason the head-dress so awkwardly wore,
That Beauty now liked him still less than before:
While Folly took
Old Reason's book,
And twisted the leaves in a cap of such *ton*,
That Beauty vow'd
(Tho' not aloud)
She liked him still better in that than his own,
Yes,—liked him still better in that than his own.

MINERVA'S THIMBLE.

YOUNG Jessica sat all the day,
With heart o'er idle love-thoughts pining;
Her needle bright beside her lay,
So active once!—now idly shining.
Ah, Jessy, 'tis in idle hearts
That love and mischief are most nimble;
The safest shield against the darts
Of Cupid, is Minerva's thimble.

MINERVA'S THIMBLE.

The child, who with a magnet plays,
Well knowing all its arts, so wily,
The tempter near a needle lays,
And laughing, says, "we'll steal it slily."
The needle, having nought to do,
Is pleased to let the magnet wheedle,
Till closer, closer come the two,
And off, at length, elopes the needle.

Now, had this needle turn'd its eye
To some gay reticule's construction,
It ne'er had stray'd from duty's tie,
Nor felt the magnet's sly seduction.
Thus, girls, would you keep quiet hearts,
Your snowy fingers must be nimble;
The safest shield against the darts
Of Cupid, is Minerva's thimble.

HOOD-

ODE ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF CLAPHAM ACADEMY.

AH me! those old familiar bounds!
That classic house, those classic grounds
My pensive thought recalls!
What tender urchins now confine,
What little captives now repine,
Within yon irksome walls?

Ay, that's the very house! I know
Its ugly windows, ten a-row!
Its chimneys in the rear!
And there's the iron rod so high,
That drew the thunder from the sky
And turn'd our table-beer!

ODE ON CLAPHAM ACADEMY.

There I was birch'd! there I was bred!
There like a little Adam fed
From Learning's woeful tree!
The weary tasks I used to con!—
The hopeless leaves I wept upon!—
Most fruitless leaves to me!—

The summon'd class!—the awful bow!—
I wonder who is master now
And wholesome anguish sheds!
How many ushers now employs,
How many maids to see the boys
Have nothing in their heads!

And Mrs. S***?—Doth she abet
(Like Pallas in the parlour) yet
Some favour'd two or three,—
The little Crichtons of the hour,
Her muffin-medals that devour,
And swill her prize—bohea?

ODE ON CLAPHAM ACADEMY.

Ah, there's the playground! there's the line,
Beneath whose shade in summer's prime
So wildly I have read!—
Who sits there *now*, and skims the cream
Of young Romance, and weaves a dream
Of Love and Cottage-bread?

Who struts, the Randall of the walk?
Who models tiny heads in chalk?
Who scoops the light canoe?
What early genius buds apace?
Where's Poynter? Harris? Bowers? Chase?
Hal Baylis? blithe Carew?

Alack! they're gone—a thousand ways!
And some are serving in "the Greys,"
And some have perish'd young!—
Jack Harris weds his second wife;
Hal Baylis drives the *wane* of life;
And blithe Carew—is hung!

ODE ON CLAPHAM ACADEMY.

Grave Bowers teaches A B C
To Savages at Owyhee;
  Poor Chase is with the worms!—
All, all are gone—the olden breed!—
New crops of mushroom boys succeed,
  "And push us from our *forms!*"

Lo! where they scramble forth, and shout,
And leap, and skip, and mob about.
  At play where we have play'd!
Some hop, some run, (some fall,) some twine
Their crony arms; some in the shine,—
  And some are in the shade!

Lo there what mix'd conditions run!
The orphan lad; the widow's son;
  And Fortune's favor'd care—
The wealthy-born, for whom she hath
Mac-Adamised the future path—
  The Nabob's pamper'd heir!

Some brightly starr'd—some evil born,—
For honour some, and some for scorn,—
  For fair or foul renown!
Good, bad, indiffrent—none may lack!
Look, here's a White, and there's a Black!
  And there's a Creole brown!

Some laugh and sing, some mope and weep,
And wish *their* "frugal sires would keep
  Their only sons at home;"—
Some tease the future tense, and plan
The full-grown doings of the man,
  And pant for years to come!

A foolish wish! There's one at hoop;
And four at *fives!* and five who stoop
  The marble taw to speed!
And one that curvets in and out,
Reining his fellow Cob about,—
  Would I were in his *stead!*

Yet he would gladly halt and drop
That boyish harness off, to swop
With this world's heavy van—
To toil, to tug. O little fool!
Whilst thou canst be a horse at school,
To wish to be a man!

Perchance thou deem'st it were a thing
To wear a crown,—to be a king!
And sleep on regal down!
Alas! thou know'st not kingly cares;
Far happier is thy head that wears
That hat without a crown!

And dost thou think that years acquire
New added joys? Dost think thy sire
More happy than his son?
That manhood's mirth?—Oh, go thy ways
To Drury-lane when ——— *plays*,
And see how *forced* our fun!

ODE ON CLAPHAM ACADEMY.

Thy taws are brave!—thy tops are rare!—
Our tops are spun with coils of care,
  Our *dumps* are no delight!—
The Elgin marbles are but tame,
And 'tis at best a sorry game
  To fly the Muse's kite!

Our hearts are dough, our heels are lead,
Our topmost joys fall dull and dead
  Like balls with no rebound!
And often with a faded eye
We look behind, and send a sigh
  Towards that merry ground!

Then be contented. Thou hast got
The most of heaven in thy young lot;
  There's sky-blue in thy cup!
Thou'lt find thy Manhood all too fast—
Soon come, soon gone! and Age at last
  A sorry breaking-up!

I'M NOT A SINGLE MAN.

A PRETTY task, Miss S——, to ask
A Benedictine pen,
That cannot quite at freedom write
Like those of other men.
No lover's plaint my Muse must paint,
To fill this page's span,
But be correct and recollect
I'm not a single man.

Pray only think for pen and ink
How hard to get along,
That may not turn on words that burn
Or Love, the life of song!
Nine Muses, if I chooses, I
May woo all in a clan,
But one Miss S—— I daren't address—
I'm not a single man.

Scribblers unwed, with little head,
May eke it out with heart,
And in their lays it often plays
A rare first-fiddle part.
They make a kiss to rhyme with bliss,
But if *I* so began,
I have my fears about my ears—
I'm not a single man.

Upon your cheek I may not speak,
Nor on your lip be warm,
I must be wise about your eyes,
And formal with your form,
Of all that sort of thing, in short,
On T. H. Bayly's plan,
I must not twine a single line—
I'm not a single man.

A watchman's part compels my heart
To keep you off its *beat*,

And I might dare as soon to swear
  At *you* as at your feet.
I can't expire in passion's fire
  As other poets can—
My life (she's by) won't let me die—
  I'm not a single man.

Shut out from love, denied a dove,
  Forbidden bow and dart,
Without a groan to call my own,
  With neither hand nor heart,
To Hymen vow'd, and not allow'd
  To flirt e'en with your fan,
Here end, as just a friend, I must—
  I'm not a single man.

"PLEASE TO RING THE BELLE."

I'LL tell you a story that's not in Tom Moore :
Young Love likes to knock at a pretty girl's door :
So he call'd upon Lucy—'twas just ten o'clock—
Like a spruce single man, with a smart double knock.

Now a hand-maid, whatever her fingers be at,
Will run like a puss when she hears a *rat*-tat :
So Lucy ran up—and in two seconds more
Had question'd the stranger and answer'd the door.

The meeting was bliss ; but the parting was woe ;
For the moment will come when such comers must go.
So she kiss'd him, and whisper'd—poor innocent thing—
"The next time you come, love, pray come with a ring."

THE WATER PERI'S SONG.

FAREWELL, farewell to my mother's own daughter,
The child that she wet-nursed is lapp'd in the wave!
The Mussel-man coming to fish in this water,
Adds a tear to the flood that weeps over her grave.

This sack is her coffin, this water's her bier,
This greyish Bath cloak is her funeral pall,
And, stranger, O stranger! this song that you hear
Is her epitaph, elegy, dirges, and all!

Farewell, farewell to the child of Al Hassan,
My mother's own daughter—the last of her race—
She's a corpse, the poor body! and lies in this basin,
And sleeps in the water that washes her face.

I'VE A DARLING OF MY OWN.

MY mother bids me spend my smiles
On all who come and call me fair,
As crumbs are thrown upon the tiles,
To all the sparrows of the air.

But I've a darling of my own
For whom I hoard my little stock—
What if I chirp him all alone,
And leave mamma to feed the flock!

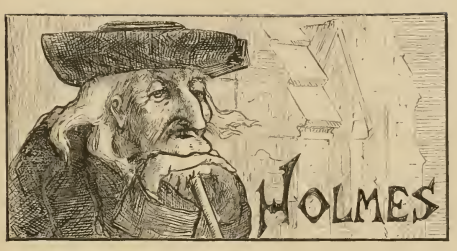
TO MINERVA.

From the Greek.

MY temples throb, my pulses boil,
I'm sick of Song, and Ode, and Ballad—
So Thyrsis, take the midnight oil,
And pour it on a lobster salad.

TO MINERVA.

My brain is dull, my sight is foul,
I cannot write a verse, or read—
Then Pallas take away thine Owl,
And let us have a Lark instead.


HOLMES

CONTENTMENT.

"Man wants but little here below."

LITTLE I ask; my wants are few;
I only wish a hut of stone,
(A *very plain* brown stone will do,)
That I may call my own;
And close at hand is such a one,
In yonder street that fronts the sun.

Plain food is quite enough for me;
Three courses are as good as ten;—
If Nature can subsist on three,
Thank Heaven for three. Amen.
I always thought cold victual nice;—
My *choice* would be vanilla-ice.

CONTENTMENT.

I care not much for gold or land;—
  Give me a mortgage here and there,—
Some good bank-stock,—some note of hand,
    Or trifling railroad share,—
I only ask that Fortune send
A *little* more than I shall spend.

Honors are silly toys, I know,
  And titles are but empty names;
I would, *perhaps*, be Plenipo,—
    But only near St. James;
I'm very sure I should not care
To fill our Gubernator's chair.

Jewels are bawbles; 'tis a sin
  To care for such unfruitful things;—
One good-sized diamond in a pin,—
    Some, *not so large*, in rings,—
A ruby, and a pearl, or so,
Will do for me;—I laugh at show.

CONTENTMENT.

My dame should dress in cheap attire;
(Good, heavy silks are never dear;)—
I own perhaps I *might* desire
Some shawls of true Cashmere,—
Some marrowy crapes of China silk,
Like wrinkled skins on scalded milk.

I would not have the horse I drive
So fast that folks must stop and stare;
An easy gait—two, forty-five—
Suits me; I do not care;—
Perhaps, for just a *single spurt*,
Some seconds less would do no hurt.

Of pictures, I should like to own
Titians and Raphaels three or four,—
I love so much their style and tone,—
One Turner, and no more,
(A landscape,—foreground golden dirt,—
The sunshine painted with a squirt.)

CONTENTMENT.

Of books but few,—some fifty score
For daily use, and bound for wear;
The rest upon an upper floor;
Some *little* luxury *there*
Of red morocco's gilded gleam,
And vellum rich as country cream.

Busts, cameos, gems,—such things as these,
Which others often show for pride,
I value for their power to please,
And selfish churls deride;—
One Stradivarius, I confess,
Two Meerschaums, I would fain possess.

Wealth's wasteful tricks I will not learn,
Nor ape the glittering upstart fool;—
Shall not carved tables serve my turn,
But *all* must be of buhl?
Give grasping pomp its double share,—
I ask but *one* recumbent chair.

Thus humble let me live and die,
Nor long for Midas' golden touch;
If Heaven more generous gifts deny,
I shall not miss them *much*,—
Too grateful for the blessing lent
Of simple tastes and mind content!

THE LAST LEAF.

I SAW him once before,
As he passed by the door,
And again
The pavement stones resound,
As he totters o'er the ground
With his cane.

They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning-knife of Time
Cut him down,

Not a better man was found
By the crier on his round
Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,
And he looks at all he meets
Sad and wan,
And he shakes his feeble head,
That it seems as if he said,
"They are gone!"

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has prest
In their bloom;
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

My grandmamma has said—
Poor old lady! she is dead
Long ago—

That he had a Roman nose,
And his cheek was like a rose
In the snow.

But now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin
Like a staff;
And a crook is in his back,
And a melancholy crack
In his laugh.

I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here;
But the old three-cornered hat,
And the breeches, and all that,
Are so queer!

And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
In the spring,

Let them smile as I do now,
At the old forsaken bough
Where I cling.

DAILY TRIALS.

OH, there are times,
When all this fret and tumult that we hear
Do seem more stale than to the sexton's ear
His own dull chimes.

Ding dong! ding dong!
The world is in a simmer like a sea
Over a pent volcano—woe is me,
All the day long!

From crib to shroud!
Nurse o'er our cradle screameth lullaby,
And friends in boots tramp round us as we die
Snuffling aloud.

At morning's call
The small-voiced pug-dog welcomes in the sun,
And flea-bit mongrels, wakening one by one,
Give answer all.

When evening dim
Draws round us, then the lonely caterwaul,
Tart solo, sour duet, and general squall,—
These are our hymn.

Women, with tongues
Like polar needles, ever on the jar,—
Men, plugless word-spouts, whose deep fountains are
Within their lungs.

Children, with drums
Strapped round them by the fond paternal ass,—
Peripatetics with a blade of grass
Between their thumbs.

Vagrants, whose arts
Have caged some devil in their mad machine,
Which grinding, squeaks, with husky groans between,
Come out by starts.

Cockneys, that kill
Thin horses of a Sunday,—men with clams,
Hoarse as young bisons roaring for their dams
From hill to hill.

Soldiers, with guns,
Making a nuisance of the blessed air,—
Child-crying bellmen,—children in despair
Screeching for buns.

Storms, thunders, waves!
Howl, crash, and bellow till ye get your fill;
Ye sometimes rest; men never can be still
But in their graves!

MY AUNT.

MY aunt! my dear unmarried aunt!
Long years have o'er her flown;
Yet still she strains the aching clasp
That binds her virgin zone;
I know it hurts her,—though she looks
As cheerful as she can;
Her waist is ampler than her life,
For life is but a span.

My aunt! my poor deluded aunt!
Her hair is almost gray:
Why will she train that winter curl
In such a spring-like way?
How can she lay her glasses down,
And say she reads as well,
When, through a double convex lens,
She justs makes out to spell?

Her father,—grandpapa! forgive
  This erring lip its smiles,—
Vowed she should make the finest girl
  Within a hundred miles;
He sent her to a stylish school;
  'Twas in her thirteenth June;
And with her, as the rules required,
  "Two towels and a spoon."

They braced my aunt against a board,
  To make her straight and tall;
They laced her up, they starved her down,
  To make her light and small;
They pinched her feet, they singed her hair,
  They screwed it up with pins;—
Oh, never mortal suffered more
  In penance for her sins.

So, when my precious aunt was done,
  My grandsire brought her back;

MY AUNT.

(By daylight, lest some rabid youth
Might follow in the track;)
"Ah!" said my grandsire, as he shook
Some powder in his pan,
"What could this lovely creature do
Against a desperate man!"

Alas! nor chariot, nor barouche,
Nor bandit cavalcade,
Tore from the trembling father's arms
His all-accomplished maid.
For her how happy had it been!
And Heaven had spared to me
To see one sad, ungathered rose
On my ancestral tree.

TO AN INSECT.

I LOVE to hear thine earnest voice,
Wherever thou art hid,
Thou testy little dogmatist,
Thou pretty Katydid!
Thou mindest me of gentlefolks,—
Old gentlefolks are they,—
Thou say'st an undisputed thing
In such a solemn way.

Thou art a female, Katydid!
I know it by the trill
That quivers through thy piercing notes,
So petulant and shrill.
I think there is a knot of you
Beneath the hollow tree,—
A knot of spinster Katydids,—
Do Katydids drink tea?

TO AN INSECT.

Oh, tell me where did Katy live,
And what did Katy do?
And was she very fair and young,
And yet so wicked, too?
Did Katy love a naughty man,
Or kiss more cheeks than one?
I warrant Katy did no more
Than many a Kate has done.

Dear me! I'll tell you all about
My fuss with little Jane,
And Ann, with whom I used to walk
So often down the lane,
And all that tore their locks of black,
Or wet their eyes of blue,—
Pray tell me, sweetest Katydid,
What did poor Katy do?

Ah no! the living oak shall crash,
That stood for ages still,

TO AN INSECT.

The rock shall rend its mossy base
And thunder down the hill,
Before the little Katydid
Shall add one word, to tell
The mystic story of the maid
Whose name she knows so well.

Peace to the ever-murmuring race!
And when the latest one
Shall fold in death her feeble wings
Beneath the autumn sun,
Then shall she raise her fainting voice,
And lift her drooping lid,
And then the child of future years
Shall hear what Katy did.

THE MUSIC-GRINDERS.

THERE are three ways in which men take
One's money from his purse,
And very hard it is to tell
Which of the three is worse;
But all of them are bad enough
To make a body curse.

You're riding out some pleasant day,
And counting up your gains;
A fellow jumps from out a bush,
And takes your horse's reins,
Another hints some words about
A bullet in your brains.

It's hard to meet such pressing friends
In such a lonely spot;
It's very hard to lose your cash,
But harder to be shot;
And so you take your wallet out,
Though you would rather not.

Perhaps you're going out to dine,—
Some filthy creature begs,—
You'll hear about the cannon-ball
That carried off his pegs,
And says it is a dreadful thing
For men to lose their legs.

He tells you of his starving wife,
His children to be fed,
Poor little, lovely innocents,
All clamorous for bread,—
And so you kindly help to put
A bachelor to bed.

You're sitting on your window-seat,
Beneath a cloudless moon;
You hear a sound, that seems to wear
The semblance of a tune,
As if a broken fife should strive
To drown a cracked bassoon.

And nearer, nearer still, the tide
Of music seems to come,
There's something like a human voice,
And something like a drum;
You sit in speechless agony,
Until your ear is numb.

Poor "home, sweet home" should seem to be
A very dismal place;
Your "auld acquaintance" all at once
Is altered in the face;
Their discords sting through Burns and Moore,
Like hedgehogs dressed in lace.

You think they are crusaders, sent
From some infernal clime,
To pluck the eyes of Sentiment,
And dock the tail of Rhyme,
To crack the voice of Melody,
And break the legs of Time.

But hark! the air again is still,
The music all is ground,
And silence, like a poultice, comes
To heal the blows of sound;
It cannot be,—it is,—it is,—
A hat is going round!

No! Pay the dentist when he leaves
A fracture in your jaw,
And pay the owner of the bear,
That stunned you with his paw,
And buy the lobster that has had
Your knuckles in his claw;

But if you are a portly man,
Put on your fiercest frown,
And talk about a constable
To turn them out of town;
Then close your sentence with an oath,
And shut the window down!

And if you are a slender man,
Not big enough for that,
Or, if you cannot make a speech,
Because you are a flat,
Go very quietly and drop
A button in the hat!

THACKERAY

THE BALLAD OF BOUILLABAISSE.

A STREET there is in Paris famous,
For which no rhyme our language yields,
Rue Neuve des Petits Champs its name is—
The New Street of the little Fields.
And here's an inn, not rich and splendid,
But still in comfortable case;
The which in youth I oft attended,
To eat a bowl of Bouillabaisse.

This Bouillabaisse a noble dish is—
A sort of soup, or broth, or brew,
Or hatchforth of all sorts of fishes,
That Greenwich never could outdo;

THE BALLAD OF BOUILLABAISSE.

Green herbs, red peppers, mussels, saffron,
Soles, onions, garlic, roach, and dace:
All these you eat at TERRÉ'S tavern,
In that one dish of Bouillabaisse.

Indeed a rich and savory stew 'tis;
And true philosophers, methinks,
Who love all sorts of natural beauties,
Should love good victuals and good drinks.
And Cordelier or Benedictine
Might gladly, sure, his lot embrace,
Nor find a fast-day too afflicting,
Which served him up a Bouillabaisse.

I wonder if the house still there is?
Yes, here the lamp is, as before;
The smiling red-cheeked écaillère is
Still opening oysters at the door.

Is TERRÉ still alive and able?
I recollect his droll grimace:
He'd come and smile before your table,
And hope you liked your Bouillabaisse.

We enter—nothing's changed or older.
"How's Monsieur TERRÉ, waiter, pray?"
The waiter stares and shrugs his shoulder—
"Monsieur is dead this many a day."
"It is the lot of saint and sinner,
So honest TERRÉ's run his race."
"What will Monsieur require for dinner?"
"Say, do you still cook Bouillabaisse?"

"Oh, oui, Monsieur," 's the waiter's answer;
"Quel vin Monsieur désire-t-il?"
"Tell me a good one."—"That I can, sir:
The Chambertin with yellow seal."

"So TERRÉ'S gone," I say, and sink in
My old accustom'd corner-place;
"He's done with feasting and with drinking,
With Burgundy and Bouillabaisse."

My old accustomed corner here is,
The table still is in the nook;
Ah! vanished many a busy year is
This well-known chair since last I took.
When first I saw ye, *cari luoghi*,
I'd scarce a beard upon my face,
And now a grizzled, grim old fogy,
I sit and wait for Bouillabaisse.

Where are you, old companions trusty
Of early days here met to dine?
Come, waiter, quick! a flagon crusty—
I'll pledge them in the good old wine.

The kind old voices and old faces
My memory can quick retrace;
Around the board they take their places,
And share the wine and Bouillabaisse.

There's JACK has made a wondrous marriage;
There's laughing TOM is laughing yet;
There's brave AUGUSTUS drives his carriage;
There's poor old FRED in the Gazette;
On JAMES'S head the grass is growing:
Good Lord! the world has wagged apace
Since here we set the claret flowing,
And drank, and ate the Bouillabaisse.

Ah me! how quick the days are flitting!
I mind me of a time that's gone,
When here I'd sit, as now I'm sitting,
In this same place—but not alone.

AT THE CHURCH GATE.

A fair young form was nestled near me,
A dear, dear face looked fondly up,
And sweetly spoke and smiled to cheer me
—There's no one now to share my cup.

* * * * *

I drink it as the Fates ordain it.
Come, fill it, and have done with rhymes:
Fill up the lonely glass, and drain it
In memory of the dear old times.
Welcome to wine, whate'er the seal is,
And sit you down and say your grace
With thankful heart, whate'er the meal is.
—Here comes the smoking Bouillabaisse!

AT THE CHURCH GATE.

ALTHOUGH I enter not,
Yet round about the spot
Ofttimes I hover:

AT THE CHURCH GATE.

And near the sacred gate
With longing eyes I wait
    Expectant of her.

The Minster bells toll out
Above the city's rout,
    And noise and humming:
They've hushed the Minster bell;
The organ 'gins to swell:
    She's coming, she's coming!

My lady comes at last,
Timid, and stepping fast,
    And hastening hither,
With modest eyes downcast:
She comes—she's here—she's past—
    May Heaven go with her!

Kneel, undisturbed, fair Saint!
Pour out your praise or plaint
    Meekly and duly;

I will not enter there,
To sully your pure prayer
With thoughts unruly.

But suffer me to pace
Round the forbidden place,
Lingering a minute
Like outcast spirits who wait
And see through heaven's gate
Angels within it.

THE CANE-BOTTOM'D CHAIR.

IN tattered old slippers that toast at the bars,
And a ragged old jacket perfumed with segars,
Away from the world and its toils and its cares,
I've a snug little kingdom up four pair of stairs.

To mount to this realm is a toil, to be sure,
But the fire there is bright and the air rather pure;

And the view I behold on a sunshiny day
Is grand, through the chimney-pots over the way.

This snug little chamber is crammed in all nooks
With worthless old knick-knacks and silly old books,
And foolish old odds and foolish old ends,
Crack'd bargains from brokers, cheap keepsakes
from friends.

Old armor, prints, pictures, pipes, china (all
crack'd),
Old rickety tables, and chairs broken-backed;
A two-penny treasury, wondrous to see;
What matter? 'tis pleasant to you, friend, and me.

No better divan need the Sultan require
Than the creaking old sofa that basks by the fire;
And 'tis wonderful, surely, what music you get,
From the rickety, ramshackle, wheezy spinet.

That praying-rug came from a Turcoman's camp;
By Tiber once twinkled that brazen old lamp;
A Mameluke fierce yonder dagger has drawn:
'Tis a murderous knife to toast muffins upon.

Long, long through the hours, and the night, and the chimes,
Here we talk of old books, and old friends, and old times;
As we sit in the fog made of rich Latakie,
This chamber is pleasant to you, friend, and me.

But of all the cheap treasures that garnish my nest,
There's one that I love and I cherish the best:
For the finest of couches that's padded with hair
I never would change thee, my cane-bottom'd chair.

'Tis a bandy-legg'd, high-shoulder'd, worm-eaten seat,
With a creaking old back, and twisted old feet;

But since the fair morning when Fanny sat there,
I bless thee and love thee, my cane-bottom'd chair.

If chairs have but feeling, in holding such charms,
A thrill must have pass'd through your wither'd old arms;
I look'd, and I long'd, and I wish'd in despair;
I wish'd myself turned to a cane-bottom'd chair.

It was but a moment she sat in this place,
She'd a scarf on her neck, and a smile on her face!
A smile on her face, and a rose in her hair,
And she sat there, and bloom'd in my cane-bottom'd chair.

And so I have valued my chair ever since,
Like the shrine of a saint, or the throne of a prince;
Saint Fanny, my patroness sweet I declare,
The queen of my heart and my cane-bottom'd chair.

When the candles burn low, and the company's
gone,
In the silence of night as I sit here alone—
I sit here alone, but we yet are a pair—
My Fanny I see in my cane-bottom'd chair.

She comes from the past and revisits my room;
She looks as she then did, all beauty and bloom;
So smiling and tender, so fresh and so fair,
And yonder she sits in my cane-bottom'd chair.

PISCATOR AND PISCATRIX.

(Lines written to an album print.)

AS on this pictured page I look,
This pretty tale of line and hook
As though it were a novel-book
Amuses and engages:

I know them both, the boy and girl;
She is the daughter of an earl,
The lad (that has his hair in curl)
My lord the county's page is.

A pleasant place for such a pair!
The fields lie basking in the glare;
No breath of wind the heavy air
Of lazy summer quickens.
Hard by you see the castle tall:
The village nestles round the wall,
As round about the hen its small
Young progeny of chickens.

It is too hot to pace the keep:
To climb the turret is too steep;
My lord the earl is dozing deep,
His noonday dinner over:

The postern-warder is asleep
(Perhaps they've bribed him not to peep):
And so from out the gate they creep,
And cross the fields of clover.

Their lines into the brook they launch;
He lays his cloak upon a branch,
To guarantee his Lady Blanche
's delicate complexion:
He takes his rapier from his haunch,
That beardless doughty champion staunch;
He'd drill it through the rival's paunch
That questioned his affection!

O heedless pair of sportsmen slack!
You never mark, though trout or jack,
Or little foolish stickleback,
Your baited snares may capture.

What care has *she* for line and hook?
She turns her back upon the brook,
Upon her lover's eyes to look
In sentimental rapture.

O loving pair! as thus I gaze
Upon the girl who smiles always,
The little hand that ever plays
Upon the lover's shoulder;
In looking at your pretty shapes,
A sort of envious wish escapes
(Such as the Fox had for the Grapes)
The Poet your beholder.

To be brave, handsome, twenty-two;
With nothing else on earth to do,
But all day long to bill and coo:
It were a pleasant calling.
And had I such a partner sweet,

A tender heart for mine to beat,
A gentle hand my clasp to meet,—
I'd let the world flow at my feet,
And never heed its brawling.

THE MAHOGANY-TREE.

CHRISTMAS is here:
Winds whistle shrill,
Icy and chill,
Little care we:
Little we fear
Weather without,
Sheltered about
The Mahogany-Tree.

Once on the boughs
Birds of rare plume
Sung, in its bloom;
Night-birds are we:

Here we carouse,
Singing like them,
Perched round the stem
Of the jolly old tree.

Here let us sport,
Boys, as we sit;
Laughter and wit
Flashing so free.
Life is but short—
When we are gone,
Let them sing on,
Round the old tree.

Evenings we knew
Happy as this;
Faces we miss,
Pleasant to see.

Kind hearts and true,
Gentle and just.
Peace to your dust!
We sing round the tree.

Care, like a dun,
Lurks at the gate:
Let the dog wait;
Happy we'll be!
Drink, every one;
Pile up the coals,
Fill the red bowls,
Round the old tree!

Drain we the cup,—
Friend, art afraid?
Spirits are laid—
In the Red Sea.

Mantle it up;
Empty it yet;
Let us forget
Round the old tree.

Sorrows, begone!
Life and its ills,
Duns and their bills,
Bid we to flee.
Come with the dawn,
Blue-devil sprite,
Leave us to-night,
Round the old tree.

SAXE-

MY FAMILIAR.

AGAIN I hear that creaking step!—
He's rapping at the door!—
Too well I know the boding sound
That ushers in a bore.

I do not tremble when I meet
The stoutest of my foes,
But Heaven defend me from the friend
Who comes—but never goes!

He drops into my easy-chair,
And asks about the news;
He peers into my manuscript,
And gives his candid views;

MY FAMILIAR.

He tells me where he likes the line,
And where he's forced to grieve;
He takes the strangest liberties,—
But never takes his leave!

He reads my daily paper through
Before I've seen a word;
He scans the lyric (that I wrote),
And thinks it quite absurd;
He calmly smokes my last cigar,
And coolly asks for more;
He opens everything he sees—
Except the entry door!

He talks about his fragile health,
And tells me of the pains;
He suffers from a score of ills
Of which he ne'er complains;

And how he struggled once with Death
To keep the fiend at bay;
On themes like those away he goes—
But never goes away!

He tells me of the carping words
Some shallow critic wrote;
And every precious paragraph
Familiarly can quote;
He thinks the writer did me wrong;
He'd like to run him through!
He says a thousand pleasant things—
But never says "Adieu!"

Whene'er he comes—that dreadful man—
Disguise it as I may,
I know that, like an autumn rain,
He'll last throughout the day.

"DO YOU THINK HE IS MARRIED?"

In vain I speak of urgent tasks;
  In vain I scowl and pout;
A frown is no extinguisher—
  It does not put him out!

I mean to take the knocker off,
  Put crape upon the door,
Or hint to John that I am gone
  To stay a month or more.
I do not tremble when I meet
  The stoutest of my foes,
But Heaven defend me from the friend
  Who never, never goes!

"DO YOU THINK HE IS MARRIED?"

MADAM, you are very pressing,
  And I can't decline the task;
With the slighest gift of guessing,
  You would scarcely need to ask!

"DO YOU THINK HE IS MARRIED?"

Don't you see a hint of marriage
In his sober-sided face,
In his rather careless carriage,
And extremely rapid pace?

If he's not committed treason,
Or some wicked action done,
Can you see the faintest reason
Why a bachelor should run?

Why should he be in a flurry?
But a loving wife to greet
Is a circumstance to hurry
The most dignified of feet!

When afar the man has spied her,
If the grateful, happy elf
Does not haste to be beside her,
He must be beside himself!

"DO YOU THINK HE IS MARRIED?"

It is but a trifle, maybe,—
  But observe his practised tone
When he calms your stormy baby,
  Just as if it were his own.

Do you think a certain meekness
  You have mentioned in his looks,
Is a chronic optic weakness
  That has come of reading books?

Did you ever see his vision
  Peering underneath a hood,
Save enough for recognition,
  As a civil person should?

Could a Capuchin be colder
  When he glances, as he must,
At a finely rounded shoulder
  Or a proudly swelling bust?

"DO YOU THINK HE IS MARRIED?"

Madam—think of every feature,
Then deny it if you can,—
He's a fond, connubial creature,
And a *very* married man!

LOCKER

TO MY GRANDMOTHER.

(SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE BY MR. ROMNEY.)

THIS relative of mine
Was she seventy and nine
When she died?
By the canvas may be seen,
How she look'd at seventeen,
As a bride.

Beneath a summer tree
Her maiden reverie
Has a charm;
Her ringlets are in taste;
What an arm! and what a waist
For an arm!

TO MY GRANDMOTHER.

With her bridal-wreath, bouquet,
Lace, farthingale, and gay
Falbala,
—Were Romney's limning true,
What a lucky dog were you,
Grandpapa!

Her lips are sweet as love;
They are parting! Do they move?
Are they dumb?
Her eyes are blue, and beam
Beseechingly, and seem
To say, "Come."

What funny fancy slips
From between these cherry lips?
Whisper me,
Sweet deity in paint,
What canon says I mayn't
Marry thee?

TO MY GRANDMOTHER.

That good-for-nothing Time
Has a confidence sublime!
When I first
Saw this lady, in my youth,
Her winters had, forsooth,
Done their worst.

Her locks, as white as snow,
Once shamed the swarthy crow;
By and by,
That fowl's avenging sprite
Set his cruel foot for spite
Near her eye.

Her rounded form was lean,
And her silk was bombazine:—
Well I wot,
With her needles would she sit,
And for hours would she knit,—
Would she not?

TO MY GRANDMOTHER.

Ah, perishable clay!
Her charms had dropped away
One by one:
But if she heaved a sigh
With a burthen, it was, "Thy
Will be done."

In travail, as in tears,
With the fardel of her years
Overprest,—
In mercy she was borne
Where the weary and the worn
Are at rest.

I fain would meet you there;—
If witching as you were,
Grandmamma,
This nether world agrees
That the better you must please
Grandpapa.

REPLY TO A LETTER ENCLOSING A LOCK OF HAIR.

YES, you were false, and though I'm free,
I still would be the slave of yore;
Then join'd our years were thirty-three,
And now,—yes, now, I'm thirty-four.
And though you were not learnèd—well,
I was not anxious you should grow so;—
I trembled once beneath her spell
Whose spelling was extremely so-so!

Bright season! Why will Memory
Still haunt the path our rambles took,
The sparrow's nest that made you cry,
The lilies captured in the brook?
I lifted you from side to side,
You seem'd as light as that poor sparrow;
I know who wish'd it twice as wide,
I think you thought it rather narrow.

Time was indeed. a little while!
My pony could your heart compel;
And once, beside the meadow-stile,
I thought you loved me just as well;
I'd kiss'd your cheek; in sweet surprise
Your troubled gaze said plainly, "Should he?"
But doubt soon fled those daisy eyes,—
"He could not wish to vex me, could he?"

The brightest eyes are often sad,
But your fair cheek, so lightly sway'd,
Could ripple into dimples glad,
For, O my stars, what mirth we made!
The brightest tears are soonest dried,
But your young love and dole were stable;
You wept when dear old Rover died,
You wept—and dress'd your dolls in sable.

As year succeeds to year, the more
Imperfect life's fruition seems,

REPLY TO A LETTER.

Our dreams, as baseless as of yore,
  Are not the same enchanting dreams.
The girls I love now vote me slow—
  How dull the boys who once seem'd witty!
Perhaps I'm getting old—I know
  I'm still romantic—more's the pity!

Ah, vain regret! to few, perchance,
  Unknown, and profitless to all;
The wisely-gay, as years advance,
  Are gayly-wise. Whate'er befall,
We'll laugh at folly, whether seen
  Beneath a chimney or a steeple;
At yours, at mine—our own, I mean,
  As well as that of other people.

They cannot be complete in aught
  Who are not humorously prone,—
A man without a merry thought
  Can hardly have a funny bone.

REPLY TO A LETTER.

To say I hate your dismal men
  Might be esteemed a strong assertion;
If I've blue devils now and then,
  I make them dance for my diversion.

And here's your letter debonair!
  "*My friend, my dear old friend of yore,*"
And is this curl your daughter's hair?
  I've seen the Titian tint before.
Are we the pair that used to pass
  Long days beneath the chestnut shady?
You then were such a pretty lass!
  I'm told you're now as fair a lady.

I've laugh'd to hide the tear I shed,
  As when the Jester's bosom swells,
And mournfully he shakes his head,
  We hear the jingle of his bells.

A jesting vein your poet vex'd,
And this poor rhyme, the Fates determine,
Without a parson or a text,
Has proved a rather prosy sermon.

MY MISTRESS'S BOOTS.

THEY nearly strike me dumb,
And I tremble when they come
Pit-a-pat:
This palpitation means
That these Boots are Geraldine's—
Think of that!

Oh where did hunter win
So delectable a skin
For her feet?
You lucky little kid,
You perish'd, so you did,
For my sweet!

MY MISTRESS'S BOOTS.

The faery stitching gleams
On the sides, and in the seams,
And it shows
That the Pixies were the wags
Who tipt these funny tags,
And these toes.

The simpletons who squeeze
Their extremities to please
Mandarins,
Would positively flinch
From venturing to pinch
Geraldine's.

What soles to charm an elf!
Had Crusoe, sick of self,
Chanced to view
One printed near the tide,
Oh how hard he would have tried
For the two!

For Gerry's debonair,
And innocent, and fair
As a rose:
She's an angel in a frock,
With a fascinating cock
To her nose.

Cinderella's *lefts and rights*
To Geraldine's were frights:
And, I trow,
The damsel, deftly shod,
Has dutifully trod
Until now.

Come, Gerry, since it suits
Such a pretty Puss (in Boots)
These to don,
Set this dainty hand awhile
On my shoulder, dear, and I'll
Put them on.

MY NEIGHBOR ROSE.

THOUGH slender walls our hearths divide,
No word has pass'd from either side,
How gayly all your days must glide
Unvex'd by labor!
I've seen you weep, and could have wept;
I've heard you sing, and may have slept;
Sometimes I hear your chimney swept,
My charming neighbor!

Your pets are mine. Pray what may ail
The pup, once eloquent of tail?
I wonder why your nightingale
Is mute at sunset?
Your puss, demure and pensive, seems
Too fat to mouse. She much esteems
Yon sunny wall, and sleeps and dreams
Of mice she once ate.

Our tastes agree. I dote upon
Frail jars, turquoise and celadon,
The "Wedding March" of Mendelssohn,
And *Penseroso.*
When sorely tempted to purloin
Your *pietà* of Marc Antoine,
Fair Virtue doth fair play enjoin,
Fair Virtuoso!

At times an Ariel, cruel-kind,
Will kiss my lips, and stir your blind,
And whisper low, "She hides behind;
Thou art not lonely."
The tricksy sprite did erst assist
At hush'd Verona's moonlight tryst:—
Sweet Capulet! thou wert not kiss'd
By light winds only.

I miss the simple days of yore,
When two long braids of hair you wore,

And *chat botté* was wonder'd o'er,
In corner cosy.
But gaze not back for tales like those:
It's all in order, I suppose,
The Bud is now a blooming Rose,—
A rosy posy!

Indeed, farewell to by-gone years;
How wonderful the change appears,
For curates now and cavaliers
In turn perplex you:
The last are birds of feather gay,
Who swear the first are birds of prey;
I'd scare them all had I my way,
But that might vex you.

At times I've envied, it is true,
That hero blithe, of twenty-two,
Who sent *bouquets* and *billets doux*,
And wore a sabre.

The rogue! how close his arm he wound
About her waist, who never frown'd.
He loves you Child. Now, is he bound
To love *my* neighbor?

The bells are ringing. As is meet,
White favors fascinate the street,
Sweet faces greet me, rueful-sweet
'Twixt tears and laughter:
They crowd the door to see her go,
The bliss of one brings many woe;
Oh kiss the bride, and I will throw
The old shoe after.

What change in one short afternoon,—
My Charming Neighbor gone,—so soon!
Is yon pale orb her honey-moon
Slow rising hither?

O lady, wan and marvellous,
How often have we communed thus;
Sweet memory shall dwell with us,—
And joy go with her!

A NICE CORRESPONDENT!

THE glow and the glory are plighted
To darkness, for evening is come,
The lamp in Glebe Cottage is lighted,
The birds and the sheep-bells are dumb.
I'm alone at my casement, for *Pappy*
Is summon'd to dinner to Kew:
I'm alone, my dear Fred, but I'm happy—
I'm thinking of you.

I wish you were here. Were I duller
Than dull, you'd be dearer than dear;
I am drest in your favorite color—
Dear Fred, how I wish you were here!

A NICE CORRESPONDENT!

I am wearing my lazuli necklace,
The necklace you fasten'd askew!
Was there ever so rude or so reckless
A darling as you?

I want you to come and pass sentence
On two or three books with a plot;
Of course you know "Janet's Repentance"?
I'm reading Sir Waverley Scott,
The story of Edgar and Lucy,
How thrilling, romantic, and true;
The Master (his bride was a goosey!)
Reminds me of you.

To-day, in my ride, I've been crowning
The beacon; its magic still lures,
For up there you discoursed about Browning,
That stupid old Browning of yours.

A NICE CORRESPONDENT!

His vogue and his verve are alarming,
I'm anxious to give him his due;
But, Fred, he's not nearly so charming
A poet as you.

I heard how you shot at the Beeches,
I saw how you rode Chanticleer,
I have read the report of your speeches,
And echo'd the echoing cheer.
There's a whisper of hearts you are breaking,
I envy their owners, I do!
Small marvel that Fortune is making
Her idol of you.

Alas for the world, and its dearly
Bought triumph, and fugitive bliss!
Sometimes I half-wish I were merely
A plain or a penniless miss;

But, perhaps, one is best with a measure
Of pelf, and I'm not sorry, too,
That I'm pretty, because it is a pleasure,
My dearest, to you.

Your whim is for frolic and fashion,
Your taste is for letters and art,
This rhyme is the commonplace passion
That glows in a fond woman's heart.
Lay it by in a dainty deposit
For relics, we all have a few!
Love, some day they'll print it, because it
Was written to you.

THE PILGRIMS OF PALL MALL.

MY little friend, so small and neat,
Whom years ago I used to meet
In Pall Mall daily,

How cheerily you tript away
To work, it might have been to play,
You tript so gayly.

And Time trips too. This moral means
You then were midway in the teens
That I was crowning;
We never spoke, but when I smiled
At morn or eve, I know, dear child,
You were not frowning.

Each morning when we met, I think
One sentiment us both did link,
Nor joy nor sorrow;
And then at eve, experience-taught,
Our hearts were lighter for the thought,—
We meet to-morrow!

And you were poor! so poor! and why?
How kind to come, it was for my
Especial grace meant!

Had you a chamber near the stars,
A bird, some treasured plants in jars,
About your casement?

I often wander up and down,
When morning bathes the silent town
In golden glory:
Perhaps, unwittingly, I've heard
Your thrilling-toned canary-bird
From that third story.

I've seen some change since last we met—
A patient little seamstress yet,
On small means striving,
Are you (if Love such luck allows)
Some lucky fellow's little spouse?
Is baby thriving?

My heart grows chill—can soul like thine
Have tired of this dear world of mine,

And snapt Life's fetter?
To find a world whose promised bliss
Is better than the best of this,—
And is it better?

Sometimes to Pall Mall I repair,
And see the damsels passing there;—
But if I try to
Obtain one glance, they look discreet,
As though they'd some one else to meet;—
As have not *I* too?

Yet still I often think upon
Our many meetings come and gone!
July—December!
Now let us make a tryst, and when,
Dear little soul, we meet again,—
The mansion is preparing—then
Thy Friend remember!

THE OLD CRADLE.

AND this was your Cradle? Why surely, my Jenny,
Such slender dimensions go clearly to show
You were an exceedingly small picaninny
Some nineteen or twenty short summers ago.

Your baby-days flow'd in a much-troubled channel;
I see you as then in your impotent strife,
A tight little bundle of wailing and flannel,
Perplex'd with that newly-found fardel call'd Life.

To hint at an infantine frailty's a scandal;
Let by-gones be by-gones, and somebody knows
It was bliss such a Baby to dance and to dandle,
Your cheeks were so velvet, so rosy your toes.

Ay, here is your cradle; and Hope, at times lonely,
With Love now is watching beside it, I know.
They guard the small nest you inherited only
Some nineteen or twenty short summers ago.

It is Hope gilds the future, Love welcomes it smiling;
Thus wags the old world, therefore stay not to ask,
"My future bids fair, is my future beguiling?"
If mask'd, still it pleases—then raise not the mask.

Is Life a poor coil some would gladly be doffing?
He is riding post-haste who their wrongs will adjust;
For at most 'tis a footstep from cradle to coffin—
From a spoonful of pap to a mouthful of dust.

Then smile as your future is smiling, my Jenny!
I see you, except for those infantine woes,
Little changed since you were but a small pica-
ninny
—Your cheeks were so velvet, so rosy your toes!

Ay, here is your cradle! much, much to my liking,
Though nineteen or twenty long winters have
sped;
But hark! as I'm talking there's six o'clock
striking,—
It is time JENNY'S BABY should be in its bed.

THE ANGORA CAT.

GOOD pastry is vended
In Cité Fadette;
Madame Pons can make splendid
Brioche and *galette!*

THE ANGORA CAT.

Monsieur Pons is so fat that
He's laid on the shelf;
Madame Pons had a cat that
Was fat as herself.

Long hair, soft as satin,
A musical purr—
'Gainst the window she'd flatten
Her delicate fur.

Once I drove *Lou* to see what
Our neighbors were at,
When, in rapture, cried she, "What
An exquisite cat!

"What whiskers! She's purring
All over. Regale
Our eyes, Puss, by stirring
Your feathery tail!

"Monsieur Pons, will you sell her?"
"*Ma femme est sortie,*
Your offer I'll tell her,
But—will she?" says he.

Yet Pons was persuaded
To part with the prize:
(Our bargain was aided,
My *Lou*, by your eyes!)

From *légitime* save him,—
My fate I prefer!
For I warrant she gave him
Un mauvais quart d'heure!

I'm giving a pleasant
Grimalkin to *Lou*,—
Ah, Puss, what a present
I'm giving to you!

ST. GEORGE'S, HANOVER SQUARE.

SHE pass'd up the aisle on the arm of her
sire,
A delicate lady in bridal attire,
Fair emblem of virgin simplicity;
Half London was there, and, my word, there
were few
That stood by the altar, or hid in a pew,
But envied Lord Nigel's felicity.

O beautiful Bride! So meek in thy splendor,
So frank in thy love, and its trusting surrender,
Departing you leave us the town dim!
May happiness wing to thy bosom, unsought,
And may Nigel, esteeming his bliss as he ought,
Prove worthy thy worship,—confound him!

THE SKELETON IN THE CUPBOARD.

THE characters of great and small
Come ready made (we can't bespeak one);
Their sides are many, too,—and all
(Except ourselves) have got a weak one.
Some sanguine people love for life,
Some love their hobby till it flings them,—
How many love a pretty wife
For love of the *éclat* she brings them!

In order to relieve my mind
I've thrown off this disjointed chatter,
And much because I'm disinclined
To venture on a painful matter:
I once was bashful; I'll allow
I've blushed for words untimely spoken,
I still am rather shy, and now . . . .
And now the ice is fairly broken.

THE SKELETON IN THE CUPBOARD.

We all have secrets: you have one
  Which mayn't be quite your charming spouse's;
We all lock up a skeleton
  In some grim chamber of our houses;
Familiars who exhaust their days
  And nights in plaguing fops and fogies,
And who, excepting spiteful ways,
  Are blameless, unassuming bogies.

We hug the phantom we detest,
  We rarely let it cross our portals:
It is a most exacting guest,—
  Now are we not afflicted mortals?
Your neighbor Gay, that jovial wight,
  As Dives rich, and bold as Hector,
Poor Gay steals twenty times a night,
  On shaking knees, to see his spectre.

Old Dives fears a pauper fate,
  And hoarding is his gloomy passion;

And some poor souls anticipate
A waistcoat straighter than the fashion.
She, childless, pines,—that lonely wife,
And hidden tears are bitter shedding;
And he may tremble all his life,
And die,—but not of that he's dreading.

Ah me, the World! How fast it spins!
The beldams dance, the caldron baubles;
They shriek, and stir it for our sins,
And we must drain it for our troubles.
We toil, we groan—the cry for love
Mounts upward from the seething city,
And yet I know we have above
A FATHER, infinite in pity.

When Beauty smiles, when Sorrow weeps,
When sunbeams play, when shadows darken,
One inmate of our dwelling keeps
A ghastly carnival—but hearken!

How dry the rattle of the bones!—
The sound was not to make you start meant.
Stand by! Your humble servant owns
The Tenant of this Dark Apartment.

EPISODE IN THE STORY OF A MUFF.

SHE'S jealous! Am I sorry? No!
I like to see my Mabel so,
Carina mia!
Poor Puss! That now and then she draws
Conclusions, not without a cause,
Is my idea.

We love; and I'm prepared to prove
That jealousy is kin to love
In constant women.
My jealous Pussy cut up rough
The day before I bought her muff
With sable trimming.

These tearful darlings think to quell us
By being so divinely jealous;
But I know better.
Hillo! Who's that? A damsel! Come,
I'll follow: no, I can't, for some
One else has met her.

What fun! He looks "a lad of grace."
She holds her muff to hide her face;
They kiss,—the sly Puss!
Hillo! Her muff,—its trimmed with sable!
It's like the muff I gave to Mabel!
Goodl-o-r-d! SHE'S *MY* PUSS!

GERALDINE.

A SIMPLE child has claims
On your sentiment—her name's
Geraldine.

Be tender, but beware,—
She's frolicsome as fair,—
And fifteen.

She has gifts to grace allied,
Each gift she has applied,
And improved:
She has bliss that lives and leans
On loving, and that means—
She is loved.

Her grace is grace refined
By sweet harmony of mind:
And the Art,
And the blessed Nature, too,
Of a tender and a true
Little heart.

And yet I must not vault
Over any foolish fault
That she owns:

Or others might rebel,
And enviously swell
In their zones.

She is tricksy as the fays,
Or her pussy when it plays
With a string:
She's a goose about her cat,
Her ribbons, and all that
Sort of thing.

These foibles are a blot,
Still she never can do what
Is not nice,
Such as quarrel, and give slaps—
As I've known her get, perhaps,
Once or twice

The spells that move her soul
Are subtle—sad or droll:
She can show

That virtuoso whim
Which consecrates our dim
Long-ago.

A love that is not sham
For Stothard, Blake, and Lamb;
And I've known
Cordelia's wet eyes
Cause angel-tears to rise
In her own.

Her gentle spirit yearns
When she reads of Robin Burns—
Luckless Bard,
Had she blossom'd in thy time,
Oh how rare had been the rhyme
—And reward!

Thrice happy then is he
Who, planting such a tree,
Sees it bloom

To shelter him—indeed
We have sorrow as we speed
To our doom!

I am happy having grown
Such a Sapling of my own;
And I crave
No garland for my brows,
But peace beneath its boughs
To the grave.

MRS. SMITH.

LAST year I trod these fields with Di,
And that's the simple reason why
They now seem arid:
Then Di was fair and single; how
Unfair it seems on me, for now
Di's fair—and married!

In bliss we roved: I scorn'd the song
Which says that though young Love is strong,
The Fates are stronger:
Breezes then blew a boon to men,
Then buttercups were bright, and then
This grass was longer.

That day I saw, and much esteem'd
Di's ankle, which the clover seemed
Inclined to smother:
It twitch'd, and soon untied (for fun)
The ribbon of her shoes, first one
And then the other.

I'm told that virgins augur some
Misfortune if their shoe-strings come
To grief on Friday:
And so did Di, and then her pride
Decreed that shoes-strings so untied
Are "so untidy!"

Of course I knelt, with fingers deft
I tied the right, and tied the left:
Says Di, "The stubble
Is very stupid—as I live
I'm shocked—I'm quite ashamed to give
You so much trouble."

For answer I was fain to sink
To what we all would say and think
Were Beauty present:
"Don't mention such a simple act,—
A trouble? not the least. In fact,
It's rather pleasant."

I trust that Love will never tease
Poor little Di, or prove that he's
A graceless rover.
She's happy now as *Mrs. Smith*—
And less polite when walking with
Her chosen lover!

Heigh-ho! Although no moral clings
To Di's blue eyes, and sandal-strings,
We've had our quarrels!—
I think that Smith is thought an ass,
I know that when they walk in grass
She wears *balmorals*.

CIRCUMSTANCE.

THE ORANGE.

IT ripen'd by the river banks,
Where, mask and moonlight aiding,
Don Juans play their pretty pranks,
Dark Donnas serenading.

By Moorish damsel it was pluck'd,
Beneath the golden day there;—
By swain 'twas then in London suck'd,
Who flung the peel away there.

He could not know in Pimlico,
As little she in Seville,
That *I* should reel upon that peel,
And wish them at the devil!

GERTY'S GLOVE.

"Elle avait au bout de ses manches
Une paire de mains si blanches!"

SLIPS of a kid-skin deftly sewn,
A scent as through her garden blown,
The tender hue that clothes her dove,
All these, and this is Gerty's glove.

A glove but lately dofft, for look—
It keeps the happy shape it took
Warm from her touch! What gave the glow?—
And where's the mould that shaped it so?

It clasp'd the hand, so pure, so sleek,
Where Gerty rests a pensive cheek,
The hand that when the light wind stirs,
Reproves those laughing locks of hers.

You fingers four, you little thumb!
Were I but you in days to come
I'd clasp, and kiss, and keep her—go!
And tell her that I told you so.

A TERRIBLE INFANT.

I RECOLLECT a nurse called Ann,
Who carried me about the grass,
And one fine day a fine young man
Came up and kissed the pretty lass.
She did not make the least objection!
Thinks I, "*Aha!*
When I can talk I'll tell mamma."
—And that's my earliest recollection.

CLEVERLEY

FLIGHT.

O MEMORY! that which I gave thee
To guard in thy garner yestreen—
Little deeming thou e'er could'st behave thee
Thus basely—hath gone from thee clean!
Gone, fled, as ere autumn is ended
The yellow leaves flee from the oak—
I have lost it forever, my splendid
Original joke.

What was it? I know I was brushing
My hair when the notion occurred:
I know that I felt myself blushing
As I thought "How supremely absurd!

"How they'll hammer on floor and on table
"As its drollery dawns on them—how
"They will quote it"—I wish I were able
To quote it just now.

I had thought to lead up conversation
To the subject—it's easily done—
Then let off, as an airy creation
Of the moment, that masterly pun.
Let it off, with a flash like a rocket's;
In the midst of a dazzled conclave,
While I sat, with my hands in my pockets,
The only one grave.

I had fancied young Titterton's chuckles,
And old Bottleby's hearty guffaws
As he drove at my ribs with his knuckles,
His mode of expressing applause:

FLIGHT.

While Jean Bottleby—queenly Miss Janet—
  Drew her handkerchief hastily out,
In fits at my slyness—what can it
  Have all been about?

I know 'twas the happiest, quaintest
  Combination of pathos and fun:
But I've got no idea—the faintest—
  Of what was the actual pun.
I think it was somehow connected
  With something I'd recently read—
Or heard—or perhaps recollected
  On going to bed.

What *had* I been reading? The *Standard:*
  "Double Bigamy"; "Speech of the Mayor."
And later—eh? yes! I meandered
  Through some chapters of Vanity Fair.

How it fuses the grave with the festive!
  Yet e'en there, there is nothing so fine—
So playfully, subtly suggestive—
    As that joke of mine.

Did it hinge upon "parting asunder"?
  No, I don't part my hair with my brush.
Was the point of it "hair"? Now I wonder!
  Stop a bit—I shall think of it—hush!
There's *hare*, a wild animal—Stuff!
  It was something a deal more recondite:
Of that I am certain enough;
    And of nothing beyond it.

Hair—*locks*! There are probably many
  Good things to be said about those
Give me time—that's the best guess of any—
  "Lock" has several meanings, one knows.

FLIGHT.

Iron locks—*iron-grey locks*—a "deadlock"—
That would set up an every-day wit:
Then of course there's the obvious "wedlock";
But that wasn't it.

No! mine was a joke for the ages;
Full of intricate meaning and pith;
A feast for your scholars and sages—
How it would have rejoiced Sidney Smith.
'Tis such thoughts that ennoble a mortal;
And, singling him out from the herd,
Fling wide immortality's portal—
But what was the word?

Ah me! 'tis a bootless endeavor.
As the flight of a bird of the air
Is the flight of a joke—you will never
See the same one again, you may swear.

'Twas my first-born, and O how I prized it!
My darling, my treasure, my own!
This brain and none other devised it—
And now it has flown.

PEACE.

A STUDY.

HE stood, a worn-out City clerk—
Who'd toiled, and seen no holiday,
For forty years from dawn to dark—
Alone beside Caermarthen Bay.

He felt the salt spray on his lips;
Heard children's voices on the sands;
Up the sun's path he saw the ships
Sail on and on to other lands;

And laughed aloud. Each sight and sound
To him was joy too deep for tears;
He sat him on the beach, and bound
A blue bandana round his ears;

And thought how, posted near his door,
His own green door on Camden Hill,
Two bands at least, most likely more,
Were mingling at their own sweet will

Verdi with Vance. And at the thought
He laughed again, and softly drew
That "Morning Herald" that he'd brought
Forth from his breast, and read it through.

ODE TO TOBACCO.

THOU who, when fears attack,
Bidst them avaunt, and Black
Care, at the horseman's back
Perching, unseatest;

ODE TO TOBACCO.

Sweet when the morn is gray;
Sweet, when they've cleared away
Lunch; and at close of day
Possibly sweetest:

I have a liking old
For thee, though manifold
Stories, I know, are told,
Not to thy credit;
How one (or two at most)
Drops make a cat a ghost—
Useless, except to roast—
Doctors have said it:

How they who use fusees
All grow by slow degrees
Brainless as chimpanzees,
Meagre as lizards;

Go mad, and beat their wives;
Plunge (after shocking lives)
Razors and carving knives
Into their gizzards.

Confound such knavish tricks!
Yet know I five or six
Smokers who freely mix
Still with their neighbors;
Jones—(who, I'm glad to say,
Asked leave of Mrs. J.)—
Daily absorbs a clay
After his labors.

Cats may have had their goose
Cooked by tobacco-juice;
Still why deny its use
Thoughtfully taken?

We're not as tabbies are:
Smith, take a fresh cigar!
Jones, the tobacco-jar!
Here's to thee, Bacon!

LINES SUGGESTED BY THE FOURTEENTH OF FEBRUARY.

ERE the morn the East has crimsoned,
When the stars are twinkling there,
(As they did in Watts' Hymns, and
Made him wonder what they were:)
When the forest nymphs are beading
Fern and flower with silvery dew—
My infallible proceeding
Is to wake, and think of you.

When the hunter's ringing bugle
Sounds farewell to field and copse,

LINES SUGGESTED BY 14th FEBRUARY.

And I sit before my frugal
Meal of gravy-soup and chops:
When (as Gray remarks) "the moping
Owl doth to the moon complain,"
And the hour suggests eloping—
Fly my thoughts to you again.

May my dreams be granted never?
Must I aye endure affliction
Rarely realized, if ever,
In our wildest works of fiction?
Madly Romeo loved his Juliet;
Copperfield began to pine
When he hadn't been to school yet—
But their loves were cold to mine.

Give me hope, the least, the dimmest,
Ere I drain the poisoned cup:
Tell me I may tell the chymist
Not to make that arsenic up!

DISASTER.

Else the heart must cease to throb in
This my breast; and when, in tones
Hushed, men ask, "Who killed Cock Robin?"
They'll be told, "Miss Clara J——s."

DISASTER.

'TWAS ever thus from childhood's hour
My fondest hopes would not decay:
I never loved a tree or flower
Which was the first to fade away!
The garden where I used to delve
Short-frocked, still yields me pinks in plenty
The pear-tree that I climbed at twelve
I see still blossoming, at twenty.

I never nursed a dear gazelle.
But I was given a parroquet—
How I did nurse him if unwell!
He's imbecile, but lingers yet.

He's green, with an enchanting tuft;
He melts me with his small black eye:
He'd look inimitable stuffed,
And knows it—but he will not die!

I had a kitten—I was rich
In pets—but all too soon my kitten
Became a full-sized cat, by which
I've more than once been scratched and bitten
And when for sleep her limbs she curled
One day beside her untouched plateful,
And glided calmly from the world,
I freely own that I was grateful.

And then I bought a dog—a queen!
Ah Tiny, dear departing pug!
She lives, but she is past sixteen
And scarce can crawl across the rug.

DISASTER.

I loved her beautiful and kind;
Delighted in her pert Bow-wow:
But now she snaps if you don't mind;
'Twere lunacy to love her now.

I used to think, should e'er mishap
Betide my crumpled-visaged Ti,
In shape of prowling thief, or trap,
Or coarse bull-terrier—I should die.
But ah! disasters have their use;
And life might e'en be too sunshiny:
Nor would I make myself a goose,
If some big dog should swallow Tiny.

COMPANIONS.

A TALE OF A GRANDFATHER.

I KNOW not of what we pondered
Or made pretty pretence to talk,
As, her hand within mine, we wandered
Tow'rd the pool by the lime-tree walk,
While the dew fell in showers from the passion flowers
And the blush-rose bent on her stalk.

I cannot recall her figure:
Was it regal as Juno's own?
Or only a trifle bigger
Than the elves who surround the throne
Of the Faëry Queen, and are seen, I ween,
By mortals in dreams alone?

What her eyes were like I know not:
Perhaps they were blurred with tears;

And perhaps in yon skies there glow not
(On the contrary) clearer spheres.
No! as to her eyes I am just as wise
As you or the cat, my dears.

Her teeth, I presume, were "pearly":
But which was she, brunette or blonde?
Her hair, was it quaintly curly,
Or as straight as a beadle's wand?
That I failed to remark;—it was rather dark
And shadowy round the pond.

Then the hand that reposed so snugly
In mine—was it plump or spare?
Was the countenance fair or ugly?
Nay, children, you have me there!
My eyes were p'haps blurred; and besides I'd
heard
That it's horribly rude to stare.

And I—was I brusque and surly?
Or oppressively bland and fond?
Was I partial to rising early?
Or why did we twain abscond,
When nobody knew, from the public view
To prowl by a misty pond?

What passed, what was felt or spoken—
Whether anything passed at all—
And whether the heart was broken
That beat under that shelt'ring shawl—
(If shawl she had on, which I doubt)—has gone,
Yes, gone from me past recall.

Was I haply the lady's suitor?
Or her uncle? I can't make out—
Ask your governess, dears, or tutor.
For myself, I'm in hopeless doubt
As to why we were there, who on earth we were
And what this is all about.

ISABEL.

NOW o'er the landscape crowd the deepening shades,
And the shut lily cradles not the bee:
The red deer couches in the forest glades,
And faint the echoes of the slumberous sea:
And ere I rest, one prayer I'll breathe for thee,
The sweet Egeria of my lonely dreams:
Lady, forgive, that ever upon me
Thoughts of thee linger, as the soft starbeams
Linger on Merlin's rock, or dark Sabrina's streams.

On gray Pilatus once we loved to stray,
And watch far off the glimmering roselight break
O'er the dim mountain-peaks, ere yet one ray
Pierced the deep bosom of the mist-clad lake.
Oh! who felt not new life within him wake,

And his pulse quicken, and his spirit burn—
(Save one we wot of, whom the cold *did* make
Feel "shooting pains in every joint in turn,")
When first we saw the sun gild thy green shores
Lucerne?

And years have past, and I have gazed once more
On blue lakes glistening amid mountains blue;
And all seemed sadder, lovelier than before—
For all awakened memories of you.
Oh! had I had you by my side, in lieu
Of that red matron, whom the flies would worry,
(Flies in those parts unfortunately do,)
Who walked so slowly, talked in such a hurry,
And with such wild contempt for stops and Lindley
Murray!

O Isabel, the brightest, heavenliest theme
That ere drew dreamer on to poesy,

Since "Peggy's locks" made Burns neglect his
team,
And Stella's smile lured Johnson from his tea—
I may not tell thee what thou art to me!
But ever dwells the soft voice in my ear,
Whispering of what Time is, what Man might be,
Would he but "do the duty that lies near,"
And cut clubs, cards, champagne, balls, billiard-
rooms, and beer.

"FOREVER."

FOREVER! 'Tis a single word!
Our rude forefathers deemed it two.
Can you imagine so absurd
A view?

Forever! What abysms of woe
The word reveals, what frensy, what
Despair! For ever (printed so)
Did not.

"*FOREVER.*"

It looks, ah me! how trite and tame!
  It fails to sadden or appal
Or solace—it is not the same
  At all.

O thou to whom it first occurred
  To solder the disjoined, and dower
Thy native language with a word
  Of power:

We bless thee! Whether far or near
  Thy dwelling, whether dark or fair
Thy kingly brow, is neither here
  Nor there.

But in men's hearts shall be thy throne,
  While the great pulse of England beats:
Thou coiner of a word unknown
  To Keats!

A, B, C.

And nevermore must printer do
As men did long ago; but run
"For" into "ever," bidding two
Be one.

Forever! passion-fraught, it throws
O'er the dim page a gloom, a glamour:
It's sweet, it's strange; and I suppose
It's grammar.

Forever! 'Tis a single word!
And yet our fathers deemed it two:
Nor am I confident they erred;
Are you?

A, B, C.

A IS an Angel of blushing eighteen:
B is the Ball where the Angel was seen:
C is her Chaperon, who cheated at cards:
D is the Deuxtemps, with Frank of the Guards:

E is her Eye, killing slowly but surely:
F is the Fan, whence it peeped so demurely:
G is the Glove of superlative kid:
H is the Hand which it spitefully hid:
I is the Ice which the fair one demanded:
J is the Juvenile, that dainty who handed:
K is the Kerchief, a rare work of art:
L is the Lace which composed the chief part:
M is the old Maid who watch'd the chits dance:
N is the Nose she turned up at each glance:
O is the Olga (just then in its prime):
P is the Partner who wouldn't keep time:
Q 's a Quadrille, put instead of the Lancers:
R the Remonstrances made by the dancers:
S is the Supper, where all went in pairs:
T is the Twaddle they talked on the stairs:
U is the Uncle who "thought we'd be goin':"
V is the Voice which his niece replied 'No' in:

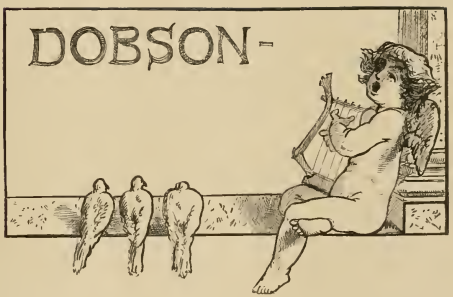
A, B, C.

W is the Waiter, who sat up till eight:

X is his Exit, not rigidly straight:

Y is a Yawning fit caused by the Bail:

Z stands for Zero, or nothing at all.


DOBSON-

TU QUOQUE.

AN IDYL IN THE CONSERVATORY.

"—romprons-nous,
Ou ne romprons-nous pas?"
LE DEPIT AMOUREUX.

NELLIE.

IF I were you, when ladies at the play, sir,
Beckon and nod, a melodrama through,
I would not turn abstractedly away, sir,
If I were you!

FRANK.

If I were you, when persons I affected,
Wait for three hours to take me down to Kew,
I would, at least, pretend I recollected,
If I were you!

TU QUOQUE.

NELLIE.

If I were you, when ladies are so lavish,
Sir, as to keep me every waltz but two,
I would not dance with *odious* Miss M'Tavish,
If I were you!

FRANK.

If I were you, who vow you cannot suffer
Whiff of the best,—the mildest "honey-dew,"
I would not dance with smoke-consuming Puffer,
If I were you!

NELLIE.

If I were you, I would not, sir, be bitter,
Even to write the "Cynical Review;"—

FRANK.

No, I should doubtless find flirtation fitter,
If I were you!

TU QUOQUE.

NELLIE.

Really! You would? Why, Frank, you're quite
delightful,—
Hot as Othello, and as black of hue:
Borrow my fan. I would not look so *frightful*,
If I were you!

FRANK.

"It is the cause." I mean your chaperon is
Bringing some well-curled juvenile. Adieu!
I shall retire. I'd spare that poor Adonis,
If I were you!

NELLIE.

Go, if you will. At once! And by express, sir!
Where shall it be? To China—or Peru?
Go. I should leave inquirers my address, sir.
If I were you!

FRANK.

No,—I remain. To stay and fight a duel
Seems, on the whole, the proper thing to do—
Ah, you are strong,—I would not then be cruel,
If I were you!

NELLIE.

One does not like one's feelings to be doubted,—

FRANK.

One does not like one's friends to misconstrue,—

NELLIE.

If I confess that I a wee-bit pouted?—

FRANK.

I should admit that I was *piqué*, too.

NELLIE.

Ask me to dance. I'd say no more about it,
If I were you!

[Waltz—*Exeunt.*]

AVICE.

"On serait tenté de lui dire, Bonjour, Mademoiselle la Bergeronnette."—VICTOR HUGO.

I.

THOUGH the voice of modern schools
Has demurred,
By the dreamy Asian creed
'Tis averred,
That the souls of men, released
From their bodies when deceased,
Sometimes enter in a beast,—
Or a bird.

II.

I have watched you long, Avice,—
Watched you so,
I have found your secret out;
And I know

That the restless ribboned things,
Where your slope of shoulder springs,
Are but undeveloped wings
That will grow.

III.

When you enter in a room,
It is stirred
With the wayward, flashing flight
Of a bird;
And you speak—and bring with you
Leaf and sun-ray, bud and blue,
And the wind-breath and the dew
At a word.

IV.

When you called to me my name,
Then again
When I heard your single cry
In the lane,

All the sound was as the "sweet"
Which the birds to birds repeat
In their thank-song to the heat
After rain.

V.

When you sang the *Schwalbenlied*,
'Twas absurd,—
But it seemed no human note
That I heard;
For your strain had all the trills,
All the little shakes and stills,
Of the over-song that rills
From a bird.

VI.

You have just their eager, quick
"*Airs de tête*,"
All their flush and fever-heat
When elate;

Every bird-like nod and beck,
And a bird's own curve of neck
When she gives a little peck
To her mate.

VII.

When you left me, only now,
In that furred,
Puffed, and feathered Polish dress,
I was spurred
Just to catch you, O my Sweet,
By the bodice trim and neat,—
Just to feel your heart a-beat,
Like a bird.

VIII.

Yet, alas! Love's light you deign
But to wear
As the dew upon your plumes,
And you care

Not a whit for rest or hush;
But the leaves, the lyric gush,
And the wing-power, and the rush
Of the air.

IX.

So I dare not woo you, Sweet,
For a day,
Lest I lose you in a flash,
As I may;
Did I tell you tender things,
You would shake your sudden wings;—
You would start from him who sings,
And away.

THE LOVE-LETTER.

IF this should fail, why then I scarcely know
What could succeed. Here's brilliancy (and banter),

Byron *ad lib.*, a chapter of Rousseau;—
If this should fail, then *tempora mutantur;*
Style's out of date, and love, as a profession,
Acquires no aid from beauty of expression.

"The men who think as I, I fear, are few,"
(Cynics would say 'twere well if they were fewer);
"I am not what I seem,"—(indeed, 'tis true;
Though, as a sentiment, it might be newer);
"Mine is a soul whose deeper feelings lie
More deep than words"—(as these exemplify).

"I will not say when first your beauty's sun
Illumed my life,"—(it needs imagination);
"For me to see you and to love were one,"—
(This will account for some precipitation);
"Let it suffice that worship more devoted
Ne'er throbbed," *et cætera.* The rest is quoted.

"If Love can look with all-prophetic eye,"—
(Ah, if he could, how many would be single!),
"If truly spirit unto spirit cry,"—
(The ears of some most terribly must tingle!)
"Then I have dreamed you will not turn your face."
This next, I think, is more than commonplace.

"Why should we speak, if Love, interpreting,
Forestall the speech with favor found before?
Why should we plead?—it were an idle thing,
If Love himself be Love's ambassador!"
Blot, as I live. Shall we erase it? No;—
'Twill show we write *currente calamo.*

"My fate,—my fortune, I commit to you,"—
(In point of fact, the latter's not extensive);
"Without you I am poor indeed,"—(strike through,

'Tis true but crude—'twould make her apprehensive);
"My life is yours—I lay it at your feet,"
(Having no choice but Hymen or the Fleet).

"Give me the right to stand within the shrine,
Where never yet my faltering feet intruded;
Give me the right to call you wholly mine,"—
(That is, Consols and Three per Cents included);
"To guard your rest from every care that cankers,—
To keep your life,"—(and balance at your banker's).

"Compel me not to long for your reply;
Suspense makes havoc with the mind"—(and muscles);
"Winged Hope takes flight,"—(which means that I must fly,

Default of funds, to Paris or to Brussels);
"I cannot wait! My own, my queen—Priscilla!
Write by return." And *now* for a Manila!

"Miss Blank," at "Blank." Jemima, let it go,
And I, meanwhile, will idle with "Sir Walter;"
Stay, let me keep the first rough copy, though—
'Twill serve again. There's but the name to alter,
And Love, that needs, must knock at every portal.
In formâ pauperis. We are but mortal!

AN AUTUMN IDYL.

"Sweet Themmes! runne softly, till I end my song."—SPENSER.

LAWRENCE. FRANK. JACK.

LAWRENCE.

HERE, where the beech-nuts drop among the grasses,
Push the boat in, and throw the rope ashore.
Jack, hand me out the claret and the glasses;
Here let us sit. We landed here before.

FRANK.

Jack's undecided. Say, *formose puer*,
Bent in a dream above the "water wan,"
Shall we row higher, for the reeds are fewer
There by the pollards, where you see the swan?

AN AUTUMN IDYL.

JACK.

Hist! That's a pike. Look—nose against the river,
Gaunt as wolf,—the sly old privateer!
Enter a gudgeon. Snap,—a gulp, a shiver;—
Exit the gudgeon. Let us anchor here.

FRANK (*in the grass*).

Jove, what a day! Black Care upon the crupper
Nods at his post, and slumbers in the sun;
Half of Theocritus, with a touch of Tupper,
Churns in my head. The frenzy has begun!

LAWRENCE.

Sing to us then. Damœtas in a choker,
Much out of tune, will edify the rooks.

FRANK.

Sing you again. So musical a croaker
Surely will draw the fish upon the hooks.

JACK.

Sing while you may. The beard of manhood still is
Faint on your cheeks, but I, alas! am old.
Doubtless you yet believe in Amaryllis;—
Sing me of Her, whose name may not be told.

FRANK.

Listen, O Thames! His budding beard is riper
Say—by a week. Well, Lawrence, shall we sing?

LAWRENCE.

Yes, if you will. But ere I play the piper,
Let him declare the prize he has to bring.

JACK.

Hear then, my Shepherds. Lo, to him accounted
First in the song, a Pipe I will impart;—
This, my Belovèd, marvellously mounted,
Amber and foam,—a miracle of art.

AN AUTUMN IDYL.

LAWRENCE.

Lordly the gift. O Muse of many numbers
Grant me a soft alliterative song!

FRANK.

Me too, O Muse! And when the Umpire slumbers,
Sting him with gnats a summer evening long.

LAWRENCE.

Not in a cot, begarlanded of spiders,
Not where the brook traditionally purls,—
No, in the Row, supreme among the riders,
Seek I the gem,—the paragon of girls.

FRANK.

Not in the waste of column and of coping,
Not in the sham and stucco of a square,—
No, on a June-lawn, to the water sloping,
Stands she I honor, beautifully fair.

LAWRENCE.

Dark-haired is mine, with splendid tresses plaited
Back from the brows, imperially curled;
Calm as a grand, far-looking Caryatid,
Holding the roof that covers in a world.

FRANK.

Dark-haired is mine, with breezy ripples swinging
Loose as a vine-branch blowing in the morn;
Eyes like the morning, mouth forever singing,
Blithe as a bird, new risen from the corn.

LAWRENCE.

Best is the song with music interwoven:
Mine's a musician,—musical at heart,—
Throbs to the gathered grieving of Beethoven,
Sways to the light coquetting of Mozart.

FRANK.

Best? You should hear mine trilling out a ballad,
Queen at a picnic, leader of the glees,
Not too divine to toss you up a salad,
Great in Sir Roger danced among the trees.

LAWRENCE.

Ah, when the thick night flares, with drooping torches,
Ah, when the crush-room empties of the swarm,
Pleasant the hand that, in the gusty porches,
Light as a snow-flake, settles on your arm.

FRANK.

Better the twilight and the cheery chatting,—
Better the dim, forgotten garden-seat,
Where one may lie, and watch the fingers tatting,
Lounging with Bran or Bevis at her feet.

LAWRENCE.

All worship mine. Her purity doth hedge her
Round with so delicate divinity, that men,
Stained to the soul with money-bag and ledger,
Bend to the goddess, manifest again.

FRANK.

None worship mine. But some, I fancy, love her,—
Cynics to boot. I know the children run,
Seeing her come, for naught that I discover,
Save that she brings the summer and the sun.

LAWRENCE.

Mine is a Lady, beautiful and queenly,
Crowned with a sweet, continual control,
Grandly forbearing, lifting life serenely
E'en to her own nobility of soul.

AN AUTUMN IDYL.

FRANK.

Mine is a Woman, kindly beyond measure,
Fearless in praising, faltering in blame;
Simply devoted to other people's pleasure,—
Jack's sister Florence,—now you know her name.

LAWRENCE.

"Jack's sister Florence!" Never, Francis, never.
Jack, do you hear? Why, it was she I meant.
She like the country! Ah, she's far too clever—

FRANK.

There you are wrong. I know her down in Kent.

LAWRENCE.

You'll get a sunstroke, standing with your head bare.
Sorry to differ. Jack,—the word's with you.

FRANK.

How is it, Umpire? Though the motto's thread-
bare,
"*Cœlum, non animum*,"—is, I take it, true.

JACK.

"*Souvent femme varie*," as a rule, is truer;
Flattered, I'm sure,—but both of you romance.
Happy to further suit of either wooer,
Merely observing—you haven't got a chance.

LAWRENCE.

Yes. But the Pipe—

FRANK.

The Pipe is what we care for,—

JACK.

Well, in this case, I scarcely need explain,
Judgment of mine were indiscreet, and therefore,
Peace to you both. The Pipe I shall retain.

A DIALOGUE FROM PLATO.

"Le temps le mieux employé est celui qu'on perd."

CLAUDE TILLIER.

I'D "read" three hours. Both notes and text
Were fast a mist becoming;
In bounced a vagrant bee, perplexed,
And filled the room with humming,

Then out. The casement's leafage sways,
And, parted light, discloses
Miss Di., with hat and book,—a maze
Of muslin mixed with roses.

"Your're reading Greek?" "I am—and you?"
"Oh, mine's a mere romancer!"
"So Plato is." "Then read him—do;
And I'll read mine in answer."

A DIALOGUE FROM PLATO.

I read. "My Plato (Plato, too,—
That wisdom thus should harden!)
Declares 'blue eyes look doubly blue
Beneath a Dolly Varden.'"

She smiled. "My book in turn avers
(No author's name is stated)
That sometimes those Philosophers
Are sadly mis-translated."

"But hear,—the next's in stronger style:
The Cynic School asserted
That two red lips which part and smile
May not be controverted!"

She smiled once more—"My book, I find,
Observes some modern doctors
Would make the Cynics out a kind
Of album-verse concoctors."

Then I—"Why not? 'Ephesian law,
No less than time's tradition,
Enjoined fair speech on all who saw
DIANA'S apparition.'"

She blushed—this time. "If Plato's page
No wiser precept teaches,
Then I'd renounce that doubtful sage,
And walk to Burnham-beeches.'"

"Agreed," I said. "For Socrates
(I find he too is talking)
Thinks Learning can't remain at ease
While Beauty goes a-walking."

She read no more. I leapt the sill:
The sequel's scarce essential—
Nay, more than this, I hold it still
Profoundly confidential.

POT-POURRI.

"Si jeunesse savait!—"

I PLUNGE my hand among the leaves:
(An alien touch but dust perceives,
Nought else supposes;)
For me those fragrant ruins raise
Clear memory of the vanished days
When they were roses.

"If youth but knew!" Ah, "if," in truth—
I can recall with what gay youth,
To what light chorus,
Unsobered yet by time or change,
We roamed the many-gabled Grange,
All life before us;

Braved the old clock-tower's dust and damp
To catch the dim Arthurian camp
In misty distance;

Peered at the still-room's sacred stores,
Or rapped at walls for sliding doors
Of feigned existence.

Vogue la galère! What need for cares!
The hot sun parched the old parterres
And "flowerful closes;"
We roused the rooks with rounds and glees,
Played hide-and-seek behind the trees,—
Then plucked these roses.

Louise was one—light, glib Louise,
So freshly freed from school decrees
You scarce could stop her;
And Bell, the Beauty, unsurprised
At fallen locks that scandalized
Our dear "Miss Proper:"—

Shy Ruth, all heart and tenderness,
Who wept—like Chaucer's Prioress,
When Dash was smitten;

Who blushed before the mildest men,
Yet waxed a very Corday when
You teased her kitten.

I loved them all. Bell first and best;
Louise the next—for days of jest,
Or madcap masking;
And Ruth, I thought,—why, failing these,
When my High-Mightiness should please,
She'd come for asking.

. . . . . .

Louise was grave when last we met;
Bell's beauty, like the sun, has set;
And Ruth, Heaven bless her,
Ruth that I wooed,—and wooed in vain,
Has gone where neither grief nor pain
Can now distress her.

A GARDEN IDYL.

A LADY. A POET.

The Lady.

I.

SIR POET, ere you crossed the lawn
(If it was wrong to watch you, pardon),
Behind this weeping birch withdrawn,
I watched you saunter round the garden.
I saw you bend beside the phlox,
Pluck, as you passed, a sprig of myrtle,
Review my well-ranged hollyhocks,
Smile at the fountain's slender spurtle;

II.

You paused beneath the cherry-tree,
Where my marauder thrush was singing,
Peered at the bee-hives curiously,
And narrowly escaped a stinging;

And then—you see I watched—you passed
Down the espalier walk that reaches
Out to the western wall, and last
Dropped on the seat before the peaches.

III.

What was your thought? You waited long.
Sublime or graceful,—grave,—satiric?
A Morris Greek-and-Gothic song?
A tender Tennysonian lyric?
Tell me. That garden-seat shall be,
So long as speech renown disperses,
Illustrious as the spot where he—
The gifted Blank—composed his verses.

THE POET.

IV.

Madam,—whose uncensorious eye
Grows gracious over certain pages,

Wherein the Jester's maxims lie,
It may be, thicker than the Sage's—
I hear but to obey, and could
Mere wish of mine the pleasure do you,
Some verse as whimsical as Hood,—
As gay as Praed,—should answer to you.

v.

But, though the common voice proclaims
Our only serious vocation
Confined to giving nothings names,
And dreams a "local habitation;"
Believe me, there are tuneless days,
When neither marble, brass, nor vellum,
Would profit much by any lays
That haunt the poet's cerebellum.

vi.

More empty things, I fear, than rhymes,
More idle things than songs, absorb it;

The "finely-frenzied" eye, at times,
Reposes mildly in its orbit;
And, painful truth, at times, to him,
Whose jog-trot thought is nowise restive,
"A primrose by a river's brim"
Is absolutely unsuggestive.

VII.

The fickle Muse! As ladies will,
She sometimes wearies of her wooer;
A goddess, yet a woman still,
She flies the more that we pursue her;
In short, with worst as well as best,
Five months in six your hapless poet
Is just as prosy as the rest,
But cannot comfortably show it.

VIII.

You thought, no doubt, the garden-scent
Brings back some brief-winged bright sensation

Of love that came and love that went,—
Some fragrance of a lost flirtation,
Born when the cuckoo changes song,
Dead ere the apple's red is on it,
That should have been an epic long,
Yet scarcely served to fill a sonnet.

IX.

Or else you thought,—the murmuring noon,
He turns it to a lyric sweeter,
With birds that gossip in the tune,
And windy bough-swing in the metre;
Or else the zigzag fruit-tree arms
Recall some dream of harp-prest bosoms,
Round singing mouths, and chanted charms,
And mediæval orchard blossoms,—

X.

Quite *à la mode*. Alas for prose,—
My vagrant fancies only rambled

Back to the red-walled Rectory close,
Where first my graceless boyhood gamboled,
Climbed on the dial, teased the fish,
And chased the kitten round the beeches,
Till widening instincts made me wish
For certain slowly-ripening peaches.

XI.

Three peaches. Not the Graces three
Had more equality of beauty:
I would not look, yet went to see;
I wrestled with Desire and Duty;
I felt the pangs of those who feel
The Laws of Property beset them;
The conflict made my reason reel,
And, half-abstractedly, I ate them;—

XII.

Or Two of them. Forthwith Despair—
More keen that one of these was rotten—

Moved me to seek some forest lair
  Where I might hide and dwell forgotten,
Attired in skins, by berries stained,
  Absolved from brushes and ablution:—
But, ere my sylvan haunt was gained,
  Fate gave me up to execution.

XIII.

I saw it all but now. The grin
  That gnarled old Gardener Sandy's features;
My father, scholar-like and thin,
  Unroused, the tenderest of creatures;
I saw—ah me—I saw again
  My dear and deprecating mother;
And then, remembering the cane,
  Regretted—that I'd left the other.

"LE ROMAN DE LA ROSE."

POOR Rose! I lift you from the street—
Far better I should own you
Than you should lie for random feet
Where careless hands have thrown you.

Poor pinky petals, crushed and torn!
Did heartless Mayfair use you,
Then cast you forth to lie forlorn,
For chariot-wheels to bruise you?

I saw you last in Edith's hair.
Rose, you would scarce discover
That I she passed upon the stair
Was Edith's favored lover,

A month—"a little month"—ago—
O theme for moral writer!—
'Twixt you and me, my Rose, you know,
She might have been politer;

But let that pass. She gave you then—
  Behind the oleander
To one, perhaps, of all the men,
  Who best could understand her,—

Cyril, that, duly flattered, took,
  As only Cyril's able,
With just the same Arcadian look
  He used, last night, for Mabel;

Then, having waltzed till every star
  Had paled away in morning,
Lit up his cynical cigar,
  And tossed you downward, scorning.

Kismet, my rose! Revenge is sweet,—
  She made my heart-strings quiver;
And yet—You shan't lie in the street:
  I'll drop you in the River.

DOROTHY.

A REVERIE.

(Suggested by the name upon a Pane.)

SHE then must once have looked, as I
Look now, across the level rye,—
Past Church and Manor-house, and seen,
As now I see, the village green,
The bridge, and Walton's river—she
Whose old-world name was "Dorothy."

The swallows must have twittered, too,
Above her head; the roses blew
Below, no doubt,—and, sure, the South
Crept up the wall and kissed her mouth,—
That wistful mouth, which comes to me
Linked with her name of Dorothy.

What was she like? I picture her
Unmeet for uncouth worshipper;—
Soft,—pensive,—far too subtly graced
To suit the blunt bucolic taste,
Whose crude perception could but see
"Ma'am fine-airs" in "Miss Dorothy."

How not? She loved, may be, perfume,
Soft textures, lace, a half-lit room;—
Perchance too candidly preferred
"Clarissa" to a gossip's word;—
And, for the rest, would seem to be
Or proud or dull—this Dorothy.

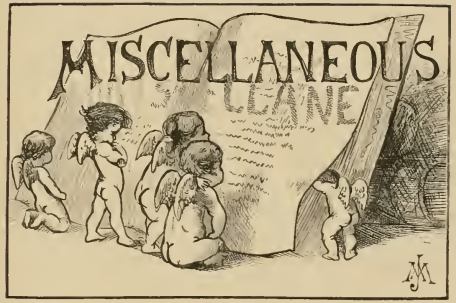
Poor child—with heart the down-lined nest
Of warmest instincts unconfest,
Soft, callow things that vaguely felt
The breeze caress, the sunlight melt,
But yet, by some obscure decree
Unwinged from birth;—poor Dorothy!

Not less I dream her mute desire
To acred churl and booby squire,
Now pale, with timorous eyes that filled
At "twice-told tales" of foxes killed;—
Now trembling when slow tongues grew free
'Twixt sport, and Port—and Dorothy!

'Twas then she'd seek this nook, and find
Its evening landscape balmy-kind;
And here, where still her gentle name
Lives on the old green glass, would frame
Fond dreams of unfound harmony
'Twixt heart and heart. Poor Dorothy!

L'ENVOI.

These last I spoke. Then Florence said,
Below me,—"Dreams? Delusions, Fred!"
Next, with a pause,—she bent the while
Over a rose, with roguish smile—
"But how disgusted, sir, you'll be
To hear *I* scrawled that 'Dorothy.'"


MISCELLANEOUS

TO A FISH.

WHY flyest thou away with fear?
Trust me there's nought of danger near,
I have no wicked hooke
All covered with a snaring bait,
Alas! to tempt thee to thy fate,
And dragge thee from the brooke.

O harmless tenant of the flood!
I do not wish to spill thy blood,
For Nature unto thee
Perchance hath given a tender wife,
And children dear, to charm thy life,
As she hath done for me.

THE CONTRAST.

Enjoy thy stream, O harmless fish;
And when an angler for his dish,
Through gluttony's vile sin,
Attempts, a wretch, to pull thee *out*,
God give thee strength, O gentle trout,
To pull the raskall *in!*

JOHN WOLCOT.

THE CONTRAST.

IN London I never know what I'd be at,
Enraptured with this, and enchanted with that,
I'm wild with the sweets of variety's plan,
And Life seems a blessing too happy for man.

But the country, Lord help me! sets all matters right,
So calm and composing from morning to night;
Oh! it settles the spirits when nothing is seen
But an ass on a common, a goose on a green.

In town if it rain, when it damps not our hope,
The eye has her choice, and the fancy her scope;
What harm though it pour whole nights or whole
days?
It spoils not our prospects, or stops not our ways.

In the country what bliss, when it rains in the fields,
To live on the transports that shuttlecock yields;
Or go crawling from window to window, to see
A pig on a dunghill, or crow on a tree.

In London, if folks ill together are put,
A bore may be dropt, and a quiz may be cut;
We change without end; and if lazy or ill,
All wants are at hand, and all wishes at will.

In the country you're nail'd, like a pale in the park,
To some *stick* of a neighbor that's cramm'd in
the ark;

And 'tis odd, if you're hurt, or in fits tumble down,
You reach death ere the doctor can reach you
from town.

In London how easy we visit and meet,
Gay pleasure's the theme, and sweet smiles are
our treat:
Our morning's a round of good-humor'd delight,
And we rattle, in comfort, to pleasure at night.

In the country, how sprightly! our visits we make
Through ten miles of mud, for Formality's sake;
With the coachman in drink, and the moon in
a fog,
And no thought in our head but a ditch or a bog.

In London the spirits are cheerful and light,
All places are gay and all faces are bright;
We've ever new joys, and revived by each whim,
Each day on a fresh tide of pleasure we swim.

But how gay in the country! what summer delight
To be waiting for winter from morning to night!
Then the fret of impatience gives exquisite glee
To relish the sweet rural subjects we see.

In town we've no use for the skies overhead,
For when the sun rises then we go to bed;
And as to that old-fashion'd virgin the moon,
She shines out of season, like satin in June.

In the country these planets delightfully glare
Just to show us the object we want isn't there;
O, how cheering and gay, when their beauties arise,
To sit and gaze round with the tears in one's eyes!

But 'tis in the country alone we can find
That happy resource, that relief of the mind,
When, drove to despair, our last efforts we make,
And drag the old fish-pond, for novelty's sake:

Indeed I must own, 'tis a pleasure complete
To see ladies well draggled and wet in their feet;
But what is all that to the transport we feel
When we capture, in triumph, two toads and an eel?

I have heard tho', that love in a cottage is sweet
When two hearts in one link of soft sympathy meet:
That's to come—for as yet, I, alas! am a swain
Who require, I own it, more links to my chain.

Your magpies and stock-doves may flirt among trees,
And chatter their transports in groves, if they please:
But a house is much more to my taste than a tree,
And for groves, O! a good grove of chimneys for me.

THE CONTRAST.

In the country, if Cupid should find a man out,
The poor tortured victim mopes hopeless about;
But in London, thank Heaven! our peace is secure,
Where for one eye to kill, there's a thousand to cure.

I know love's a devil, too subtle to spy,
That shoots through the soul, from the beam of an eye;
But in London these devils so quick fly about,
That a new devil still drives an old devil out.

In town let me live then, in town let me die,
For in truth I can't relish the country, not I.
If one must have a villa in summer to dwell,
O, give me the sweet shady side of Pall Mall!

CAPTAIN CHARLES MORRIS.

TO ——.

GO—you may call it madness, folly,
You shall not chase my gloom away;
There's such a charm in melancholy,
I would not, if I could, be gay.

O, if you knew the pensive pleasure
That fills my bosom when I sigh,
You would not rob me of a treasure
Monarchs are too poor to buy.

SAMUEL ROGERS.

EPITAPH ON A ROBIN-REDBREAST.

TREAD lightly here, for here, 'tis said,
When piping winds are hush'd around,
A small note wakes from underground
Where now his tiny bones are laid.

No more in lone and leafless groves,
With ruffled wing and faded breast,
His friendless, homeless spirit roves;
—Gone to the world where birds are blest!
Where never cat glides o'er the green,
Or schoolboy's giant form is seen;
But Love, and Joy, and smiling Spring
Inspire their little souls to sing!

SAMUEL ROGERS.

THE OLD STORY OVER AGAIN.

WHEN I was a maid,
Nor of lovers afraid,
My mother cried, "Girl, never listen to men."
Her lectures were long,
But I thought her quite wrong,
And said I, "Mother, whom should I listen to, then?"

Now teaching, in turn,
What I never could learn,
I find, like my mother, my lessons all vain;
Men ever deceive,
Silly maidens believe,
And still 'tis the old story over again.

So humbly they woo,
What can poor maidens do
But keep them alive when they swear they must die?
Ah! who can forbear,
As they weep in despair,
Their crocodile tears in compassion to dry?

Yet, wedded at last,
When the honeymoon's past,
The lovers forsake us, the husbands remain;

Our vanity's check'd,
And we ne'er can expect
They will tell us the old story over again.

JAMES KENNY.

WIFE, CHILDREN, AND FRIENDS.

WHEN the black-letter'd list to the gods was presented,
(The list of what Fate for each mortal intends)
At the long string of ills a kind goddess relented,
And slipt in three blessings—wife, children, and friends.

In vain surly Pluto maintain'd he was cheated,
For justice divine could not compass her ends;
The scheme of man's penance he swore was defeated,
For earth becomes heaven with wife, children, and friends.

If the stock of our bliss is in stranger hands vested,
The fund ill-secured oft in bankruptcy ends;
But the heart issues bills which are never protested
When drawn on the firm of Wife, Children, and Friends.

Though valor still glows in his life's waning embers,
The death-wounded tar who his colors defends,
Drops a tear of regret as he dying remembers
How blest was his home with wife, children, and friends.

The soldier, whose deeds live immortal in story,
Whom duty to far distant latitudes sends,
With transport would barter whole ages of glory
For one happy day with wife, children, and friends.

Though spice-breathing gales o'er his caravan hover,
Though round him Arabia's whole fragrance ascends,

The merchant still thinks of the woodbines that cover
The bower where he sat with wife, children, and friends.

The day-spring of youth, still unclouded by sorrow,
Alone on itself for enjoyment depends;
But drear is the twilight of age if it borrow
No warmth from the smiles of wife, children, and friends.

Let the breath of Renown ever freshen and cherish
The laurel which o'er her dead favorite bends,
O'er me wave the willow! and long may it flourish
Bedew'd with the tears of wife, children, and friends.

Let us drink—for my song, growing graver and graver,
To subjects too solemn insensibly tends;

TO LADY ANNE HAMILTON.

Let us drink—pledge me high—Love and Virtue
shall flavor
The glass which I fill to wife, children, and friends.

HON. WILLIAM R. SPENCER.

TO LADY ANNE HAMILTON.

TOO late I stayed! forgive the crime,—
Unheeded flew the hours;
How noiseless falls the foot of Time
That only treads on flowers!

What eye with clear account remarks
The ebbing of his glass,
When all its sands are diamond sparks,
That dazzle as they pass?

Ah! who to sober measurement
Time's happy swiftness brings,
When birds of paradise have lent
Their plumage for his wings?

HON. WILLIAM R. SPENCER.

JOB.

SLY Beelzebub took all occasions
To try Job's constancy and patience.
He took his honor, took his health;
He took his children, took his wealth,
His servants, horses, oxen, cows,—
But cunning Satan did *not* take his spouse.

But Heaven, that brings out good from evil,
And loves to disappoint the devil,
Had predetermined to restore
Twofold all he had before;
His servants, horses, oxen, cows—
Short-sighted devil, *not* to take his spouse!

SAMUEL T. COLERIDGE.

NAMES.

I ASKED my fair one happy day,
What I should call her in my lay;
By what sweet name from Rome or Greece;

TO HESTER SAVORY.

Lalage, Neæra, Chloris,
Sappho, Lesbia, or Doris,
Arethusa or Lucrece.

"Ah!" replied my gentle fair,
"Beloved, what are names but air?
Choose thou whatever suits the line;
Call me Sappho, call me Chloris,
Call me Lalage or Doris,
Only, only call me thine."

SAMUEL T. COLERIDGE.

TO HESTER SAVORY.

WHEN maidens such as Hester die,
Their place we may not well supply,
Though we among a thousand try
With vain endeavor.
A month or more hath she been dead,
Yet cannot I by force be led

TO HESTER SAVORY.

To think upon the wormy bed
And her together.

A springy motion in her gait,
A rising step, did indicate
Of pride and joy no common rate
That flushed her spirit:
I know not by what name beside
I shall it call; if 'twas not pride,
It was a joy to that allied
She did inherit.

Her parents held the Quaker rule
Which doth the human feeling cool;
But she was train'd in Nature's school,
Nature had blest her.
A waking eye, a prying mind,
A heart that stirs, is hard to bind;
A hawk's keen sight ye cannot blind,
Ye could not Hester.

CHRISTMAS OUT OF TOWN.

My sprightly neighbor! gone before
To that unknown and silent shore,
Shall we not meet, as heretofore
Some summer morning—
When from thy cheerful eyes a ray
Hath struck a bliss upon the day,
A bliss that would not go away,
A sweet fore-warning?

CHARLES LAMB.

CHRISTMAS OUT OF TOWN.

FOR many a winter in Billiter-lane,
My wife, Mrs. Brown, was not heard to complain;
At Christmas the family met there to dine
On beef and plum-pudding, and turkey and chine.
Our bark has now taken a contrary heel,
My wife has found out that the sea is genteel.

To Brighton we duly go scampering down,
For nobody now spends his Christmas in Town.

Our register-stoves, and our crimson-baized doors,
Our weather-proof walls, and our carpeted floors,
Our casements well fitted to stem the north wind,
Our arm-chair and sofa, are all left behind.
We lodge on the Steyne, in a bow-windowed box,
That beckons up-stairs every Zephyr that knocks;
The sun hides his head, and the elements frown,—
But nobody now spends his Christmas in Town.

In Billiter-lane, at this mirth-moving time,
The lamp-lighter brought us his usual rhyme,
The tricks of Grimaldi were sure to be seen,
We carved a twelfth-cake, and we drew king and queen;
These pastimes gave oil to Time's roundabout wheel,
Before we began to be growing genteel;

CHRISTMAS OUT OF TOWN.

'Twas all very well for a cockney or clown,
But nobody now spends his Christmas in Town.

At Brighton I'm stuck up in Donaldson's shop,
Or walk upon bricks till I'm ready to drop;
Throw stones at an anchor, look out for a skiff,
Or view the Chain-pier from the top of the Cliff;
Till winds from all quarters oblige me to halt,
With an eye full of sand, and a mouth full of salt,
Yet still I am suffering with folks of renown,
For nobody now spends his Christmas in Town.

In gallop the winds, at the full of the moon,
And puff up the carpet like Sadler's balloon;
My drawing-room rug is besprinkled with soot,
And there is not a lock in the house that will shut.

CHRISTMAS OUT OF TOWN.

At Mahomet's steam-bath I lean on my cane,
And murmur in secret,—"Oh, Billiter-lane!"
But would not express what I think for a crown,
For nobody now spends his Christmas in Town.

The Duke and the Earl are no cronies of mine,
His Majesty never invites me to dine;
The Marquis won't speak when we meet on the pier,
Which makes me suspect that I'm *nobody* here.
If that be the case, why then welcome again
Twelfth-cake and snap-dragon in Billiter-lane.
Next winter I'll prove to my dear Mrs. Brown,
That *Nobody* now spends his Christmas in Town.

JAMES SMITH.

SONG TO FANNY.

NATURE! thy fair and smiling face
Has now a double power to bless,
For 'tis the glass in which I trace
My absent Fanny's loveliness.

Her heavenly eyes above me shine,
The rose reflects her modest blush,
She breathes in every eglantine,
She sings in every warbling thrush.

That *her* dear form alone I see
Need not excite surprise in any,
For Fanny's all the world to me,
And all the world to me is Fanny.

HORACE SMITH.

MARGARET AND DORA.

MARGARET'S beauteous--Grecian arts
Ne'er drew form completer,
Yet why, in my heart of hearts,
Hold I Dora's sweeter?

Dora's eyes of heavenly blue
Pass all paintings' reach,
Ringdove's notes are discord to
The music of her speech.

Artists! Margaret's smile receive,
And on canvas show it;
But for perfect worship leave
Dora to her poet.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

THE POPLAR.

AY, here stands the Poplar, so tall and so stately,
On whose tender rind—'twas a little one then—
We carved *her* initials; though not very lately,
We think in the year eighteen hundred and ten.

Yes, here is the G which proclaim'd Georgiana,
Our heart's empress then; see, 'tis grown all askew;
And it's not without grief we perforce entertain a
Conviction it now looks much more like a Q.

This should be the great D, too, that once stood for Dobbin,
Her loved patronymic—Ah! can it be so?
Its once fair proportions, time, too, has been robbing:
A D? we'll be *Deed* if it isn't an O!

Alas! how the soul sentimental it vexes,
That thus on our labors stern Chronos should frown;
Should change our soft liquids to izzards and Xes,
And turn true love's alphabet all upside down!

RICHARD BARHAM (INGOLDSBY).

SYMPATHY.

A KNIGHT and a lady once met in a grove,
While each was in quest of a fugitive love;
A river ran mournfully murmuring by,
And they wept in its waters for sympathy.

"O, never was knight such a sorrow that bore!"
"O, never was maid so deserted before!"
"From life and its woes let us instantly fly,
And jump in together for company!"

They search'd for an eddy that suited the deed,
But here was a bramble, and there was a weed;

SYMPATHY.

"How tiresome it is!" said the fair with a sigh;
So they sat down to rest them in company.

They gazed at each other, the maid and the knight;
How fair was her form, and how goodly his height!
"One mournful embrace;" sobb'd the youth,
"ere we die!"
So kissing and crying kept company.

"O, had I but loved such an angel as you!"
"O, had but my swain been a quarter as true!"
"To miss such perfection how blinded was I!"
Sure now they were excellent company!

At length spoke the lass, 'twixt a smile and a tear,
"The weather is cold for a watery bier;
When summer returns we may easily die,
Till then let us sorrow in company."

REGINALD HEBER.

ALBUM VERSES.

THOU record of the votive throng,
That fondly seek this fairy shrine,
And pay the tribute of a song
Where worth and loveliness combine,—

What boots that I, a vagrant wight
From clime to clime still wandering on,
Upon thy friendly page should write
—Who'll think of me when I am gone?

Go plough the wave, and sow the sand!
Throw seed to ev'ry wind that blows;
Along the highway strew thy hand,
And fatten on the crop that grows.

For even thus the man that roams
On heedless hearts his feeling spends;

Strange tenant of a thousand homes,
And friendless, with ten thousand friends!

Yet here, for once, I'll leave a trace,
To ask in after times a thought!
To say that here a resting-place
My wayworn heart has fondly sought.

So the poor pilgrim heedless strays,
Unmoved, thro' many a region fair;
But at some shrine his tribute pays
To tell that he has worshipp'd there.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

"JENNY KISSED ME."

JENNY kissed me when we met,
Jumping from the chair she sat in;
Time, you thief, who love to get
Sweets into your list, put *that* in:

A LOVE LESSON.

Say I'm weary, say I'm sad,
  Say that health and wealth have missed me,
Say I'm growing old, but add,
  Jenny kissed me!

LEIGH HUNT.

A LOVE LESSON.

A SWEET "No, no,"—with a sweet smile beneath,
  Becomes an honest girl; I'd have you learn it:—
As for plain "Yes," it may be said i' faith,
  Too plainly and too oft:—pray, well discern it—

Not that I'd have my pleasure incomplete,
  Or lose the kiss for which my lips beset you;
But that in suffering me to take it, Sweet,
  I'd have you say, "No, no, I will not let you."

LEIGH HUNT.

RICH AND POOR; OR, SAINT AND SINNER.

THE poor man's sins are glaring;
In the face of ghostly warning
He is caught in the fact
Of an overt act—
Buying greens on Sunday morning.

The rich man's sins are hidden
In the pomp of wealth and station;
And escape the sight
Of the children of light,
Who are wise in their generation.

The rich man has a kitchen,
And cooks to dress his dinner;
The poor who would roast
To the baker's must post,
And thus becomes a sinner.

RICH AND POOR.

The rich man has a cellar,
And a ready butler by him;
The poor must steer
For his pint of beer,
Where the Saint can't choose but spy him.

The rich man's painted windows
Hide the concerts of the quality;
The poor can but share
A crack'd fiddle in the air,
Which offends all sound morality.

The rich man is invisible
In the crowd of his gay society;
But the poor man's delight
Is a sore in the sight,
And a stench in the nose of piety.

THOMAS L. PEACOCK.

LOVE AND AGE.

I PLAY'D with you 'mid cowslips blowing,
When I was six and you were four:
When garlands weaving, flower-balls throwing,
Were pleasures soon to please no more.
Thro' groves and meads, o'er grass and heather,
With little playmates, to and fro,
We wander'd hand in hand together;
But that was sixty years ago.

You grew a lovely roseate maiden,
And still our early love was strong;
Still with no care our days were laden,
They glided joyously along;
And I did love you very dearly—
How dearly, words want power to show;
I thought your heart was touched as nearly;
But that was fifty years ago.

Then other lovers came around you,
Your beauty grew from year to year,
And many a splendid circle found you
The centre of its glittering sphere.
I saw you then, first vows forsaking,
On rank and wealth your hand bestow;
O, then, I thought my heart was breaking,—
But that was forty years ago.

And I lived on, to wed another:
No cause she gave me to repine;
And when I heard you were a mother,
I did not wish the children mine.
My own young flock, in fair progression,
Made up a pleasant Christmas row:
My joy in them was past expression;—
But that was thirty years ago.

You grew a matron plump and comely,
You dwelt in fashion's brightest blaze;

My earthly lot was far more homely ;
But I too had my festal days.
No merrier eyes have ever glisten'd
Around the hearth-stone's wintry glow,
Than when my youngest child was christen'd :—
But that was twenty years ago.

Time passed. My eldest girl was married,
And I am now a grandsire grey ;
One pet of four years old I've carried
Among the wild-flower'd meads to play.
In our old fields of childish pleasure,
Where now, as then, the cowslips blow,
She fills her basket's ample measure,—
And that is not ten years ago.

But tho' first love's impassion'd blindness
Has pass'd away in colder light,
I still have thought of you with kindness,
And shall do, till our last good-night.

The ever-rolling silent hours
Will bring a time we shall not know,
When our young days of gathering flowers
Will be an hundred years ago.

THOMAS L. PEACOCK.

FILL THE GOBLET AGAIN.

FILL the goblet again! for I never before
Felt the glow which now gladdens my heart to its core:
Let us drink! who would not? since, thro' life's varied round,
In the goblet alone no deception is found.

I have tried in its turn all that life can supply;
I have bask'd in the beam of a dark rolling eye;
I have loved!—who has not?—but what heart can declare
That pleasure existed while passion was there?

FILL THE GOBLET AGAIN.

In the days of my youth, when the heart's in its spring,
And dreams that affection can never take wing,
I had friends!—who has not?—but what tongue will avow,
That friends, rosy wine! are as faithful as thou?

The heart of a mistress some boy may estrange,
Friendship shifts with the sunbeam—thou never canst change;
Thou grow'st old—who does not?—but on earth what appears,
Whose virtues, like thine still increase with its years?

Yet if blest to the utmost that love can bestow,
Should a rival bow down to our idol below,
We are jealous!—who's not?—thou hast no such alloy,
For the more that enjoy thee, the more we enjoy.

Then the season of youth and its vanities past
For refuge we fly to the goblet at last;
There we find—do we not?—in the flow of the soul
That truth, as of yore, is confined to the bowl.

When the box of Pandora was open'd on earth,
And misery's triumph commenced over mirth,
Hope was left,—was she not?—but the goblet we kiss,
And care not for Hope, who are certain of bliss.

LORD BYRON.

GOOD-NIGHT.

GOOD-NIGHT? ah! no; the hour is ill
Which severs those it should unite;
Let us remain together still,
Then it will be *Good*-night.

TO A GIRL IN HER THIRTEENTH YEAR.

How can I call the lone night good,
Though thy sweet wishes wing its flight?
Be it not said, thought, understood,
That it will be *Good*-night.

To hearts which near each other move
From evening close to morning light,
The night *is* good; because, my Love,
They never *say* Good-night.

PERCY B. SHELLEY.

TO A GIRL IN HER THIRTEENTH YEAR.

THY smiles, thy talk, thy aimless plays,
So beautiful approve thee,
So winning light are all thy ways,
I cannot choose but love thee.
Thy balmy breath upon my brow
Is like the summer air,

TO A GIRL IN HER THIRTEENTH YEAR.

As o'er my cheek thou leanest now,
To plant a soft kiss there.

Thy steps are dancing toward the bound
Between the child and woman,
And thoughts and feelings more profound,
And other years are coming:
And thou shalt be more deeply fair
More precious to the heart,
But never canst thou be again
That lovely thing thou art!

And youth shall pass, with all the brood
Of fancy-fed affection;
And grief shall come with womanhood,
And waken cold reflection.
Thou'lt learn to toil, and watch, and weep,
O'er pleasures unreturning,
Like one who wakes from pleasant sleep
Unto the cares of morning.

A FASHIONABLE NOVEL.

Nay, say not so! nor cloud the sun
Of joyous expectation,
Ordain'd to bless the little one—
The freshling of creation!

SIDNEY WALKER.

A FASHIONABLE NOVEL.

LORD HARRY has written a novel,
A story of elegant life;
No stuff about love in a hovel,
No sketch of a commoner's wife:
No trash such as pathos and passion,
Fine feelings, expression, and wit;
But all about people of fashion,
Come look at his caps how they fit!

O, Radcliffe! thou once wert the charmer
Of girls who sat reading all night;

Thy heroes were striplings in armor,
Thy heroines damsels in white.
But past are thy terrible touches,
Our lips in derision we curl,
Unless we are told how a Duchess,
Conversed with her cousin the Earl.

We now have each dialogue quite full
Of titles—"I give you my word,
My lady, you're looking delightful."
"O dear, do you think so, my lord!"
"You've heard of the marquis's marriage,
The bride with her jewels new set,
Four horses, new travelling carriage,
And *déjeûner à la fourchette.*"

Haut Ton finds her privacy broken,
We trace all her ins and her outs;
The very small talk that is spoken
By very great people at routs,

WON'T YOU.

At Tenby Miss Jinks asks the loan of
The book from the innkeeper's wife,
And reads till she dreams she is one of
The leaders of elegant life.

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

WON'T YOU?

I.

DO you remember when you heard
My lips breathe love's first faltering word?
You do, sweet—don't you?
When having wandered all the day,
Linked arm in arm, I dared to say,
"You'll love me—won't you?"

II.

And when you blushed, and could not speak,
I fondly kissed your glowing cheek;
Did that affront you?

Oh, surely not; your eye exprest
No wrath—but said, perhaps in jest,
"You'll love me—won't you?"

III.

I'm sure my eyes replied, "I will;"
And you believe that promise still;
You *do*, sweet—don't you?
Yes, yes! when age has made our eyes
Unfit for questions or replies,
You'll love me—won't you?

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

NYDIA'S LOVE-SONG.

THE wind and the beam loved the rose,
And the rose loved one;
For who recks the wind where it blows?
Or loves not the sun?

MAIDENHOOD.

None knew whence the humble wind stole
  Poor sport of the skies—
None dreamt that the wind had a soul,
  In its mournful sighs!

O happy beam! how canst thou prove
  That bright love of thine?
In thy light is the proof of thy love,
  Thou hast but to shine!

How its love can the wind reveal?
  Unwelcome its sigh;
Mute—mute to its rose let it steal—
  Its proof is—to die!

E. Bulwer Lytton.

MAIDENHOOD.

MAIDEN! with the meek, brown eyes,
  In whose orbs a shadow lies
Like the dusk in evening skies!

MAIDENHOOD.

Thou whose locks outshine the sun,
Golden tresses, wreathed in one,
As the braided streamlets run!

Standing, with reluctant feet,
Where the brook and river meet,
Womanhood and childhood fleet!

Gazing, with a timid glance,
On the brooklet's swift advance,
On the river's broad expanse!

Deep and still, that gliding stream
Beautiful to thee must seem,
As the river of a dream.

Then why pause with indecision,
When bright angels in thy vision
Beckon thee to fields Elysian?

MAIDENHOOD.

Seest thou shadows sailing by,
As the dove, with startled eye,
Sees the falcon's shadow fly?

Hearest thou voices on the shore,
That our ears perceive no more,
Deafened by the cataract's roar?

O, thou child of many prayers!
Life hath quicksands,—Life hath snares
Care and age come unawares!

Like the swell of some sweet tune,
Morning rises into noon,
May glides onward into June.

Childhood is the bough, where slumbered
Birds and blossoms many-numbered;—
Age, that bough with snows encumbered.

MAIDENHOOD.

Gather, then, each flower that grows,
When the young heart overflows,
To embalm that tent of snows.

Bear a lily in thy hand;
Gates of brass cannot withstand
One touch of that magic wand.

Bear through sorrow, wrong, and ruth,
In thy heart the dew of youth,
On thy lips the smile of truth.

O, that dew, like balm, shall steal
Into wounds that cannot heal,
Even as sleep our eyes doth seal.

And that smile, like sunshine, dart
Into many a sunless heart,
For a smile of God thou art.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

THE LETTERS.

STILL on the tower stood the vane,
A black yew gloom'd the stagnant air,
I peer'd athwart the chancel pane
And saw the altar cold and bare.
A clog of lead was round my feet,
A band of pain across my brow;
"Cold altar, Heaven and earth shall meet
Before you hear my marriage vow."

I turned and humm'd a bitter song
That mock'd the wholesome human heart,
And then we met in wrath and wrong,
We met, but only meant to part.
Full cold my greeting was and dry;
She faintly smiled, she hardly moved;
I saw with half unconscious eye
She wore the colors I approved.

She took the little ivory chest,
With half a sigh she turn'd the key,
Then raised her head with lips comprest,
And gave my letters back to me
And gave the trinkets and the rings,
My gifts, when gifts of mine could please;
As looks a father on the things
Of his dead son, I looked on these.

She told me all her friends had said;
I raged against the public liar;
She talk'd as if her love were dead,
But in my words were seeds of fire.
"No more of love; your sex is known:
I never will be twice deceived,
Henceforth I trust the man alone,
The woman cannot be believed.

"Thro' slander, meanest spawn of hell
(And woman's slander is the worst),

And you, whom once I lov'd so well,
Thro' you, my life will be accurst."
I spoke with heart and heat and force,
I shook her breast with vague alarms—
Like torrents from a mountain source
We rush'd into each other's arms.

We parted: sweetly gleam'd the stars,
And sweet the vapor—braided blue,
Low breezes fann'd the belfry bars,
As homeward by the church I drew.
The very graves appear'd to smile,
So fresh they rose in shadow'd swells;
"Dark porch," I said, "and silent aisle
There comes a sound of marriage bells."

ALFRED TENNYSON.

LILIAN.

AIRY, fairy Lilian
Flitting, fairy Lilian,
When I ask her if she love me,
Claps her tiny hands above me,
Laughing all she can;
She'll not tell me if she love me,
Cruel little Lilian.

When my passion seeks
Pleasance in love-sighs
She, looking thro' and thro' me
Thoroughly to undo me,
Smiling never speaks:
So innocent—arch, so cunning—simple,
From beneath her gather'd wimple
Glancing with black-beaded eyes,
Till the lightning laughters dimple

The baby-roses in her cheeks;
Then away she flies.

Prythee weep, May Lilian!
Gaiety without eclipse
Wearieth me, May Lilian:
Thro' my very heart it thrilleth
When from crimson-threaded lips
Silver-treble laughter trilleth:
Prythee weep, May Lilian.

Praying all I can,
If prayers will not hush thee,
Airy Lilian,
Like a rose-leaf I will crush thee,
Fairy Lilian.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

A MAN'S REQUIREMENTS.

LOVE me, sweet, with all thou art,
Feeling, thinking, seeing;
Love me in the lightest part,
Love me in full being.

Love me with thine open youth
In its frank surrender;
With the vowing of thy mouth,
With its silence tender.

Love me with thine azure eyes,
Made for earnest granting;
Taking color from the skies,
Can Heaven's truth be wanting?

Love me with their lids that fall
Snow-like at first meeting;
Love me with thine heart, that all
Neighbors then see beating.

A MAN'S REQUIREMENTS.

Love me with thine hand stretched out
Freely—open-minded :
Love me with thy loitering foot—
Hearing one behind it.

Love me with thy voice, that turns
Sudden faint above me ;
Love me with thy blush that burns
When I murmur, *Love me !*

Love me with thy thinking soul ;
Break it to love-sighing ;
Love me with thy thoughts that roll
On through living—dying.

Love me in thy gorgeous airs,
When the world has crowned thee ;
Love me kneeling at thy prayers,
With the angels round thee.

A MAN'S REQUIREMENTS.

Love me pure, as musers do,
  Up the woodlands shady;
Love me gayly, fast and true,
  As a winsome lady.

Through all hopes that keep us brave,
  Further off or nigher;
Love me for the house and grave,
  And for something higher.

Thus, if thou wilt prove me, dear,
  Woman's love no fable,
I will love *thee*—half a year—
  As a man is able.

MRS. BROWNING.

THE LAY OF THE LEVITE.

THERE is a sound that's dear to me,
It haunts me in my sleep;
I wake, and, if I hear it not,
I cannot choose but weep.
Above the roaring of the wind,
Above the river's flow,
Methinks I hear the mystic cry
Of "Clo!—old Clo!"

The exile's song, it thrills among
The dwellings of the free,
Its sound is strange to English ears,
But 'tis not strange to me;
For it hath shook the tented field
In ages long ago,
And hosts have quail'd before the cry
Of "Clo!—old Clo!"

O, lose it not! forsake it not!
And let no time efface
The memory of that solemn sound,
The watchword of our race;
For not by dark and eagle eye,
The Hebrew shalt thou know,
So well as by the plaintive cry
Of "Clo!—old Clo!"

Even now, perchance, by Jordan's banks,
Or Sidon's sunny walls,
Where, dial-like, to portion time,
The palm-tree's shadow falls,
The pilgrims, wending on their way,
Will linger as they go,
And listen to the distant cry
Of "Clo!—old Clo!"

WM. E. AYTOUN.

TO A FORGET-ME-NOT.

SWEET flower, that with thy soft blue eye
Didst once look up in shady spot,
To whisper to the passer-by
Those tender words—Forget-me-not!

Though withered now, thou art to me
The minister of gentle thought,—
And I could weep to gaze on thee,
Love's faded pledge—Forget-me-not.

Thou speak'st of hours when I was young,
And happiness arose unsought,
When she, the whispering woods among,
Gave me thy bloom—Forget-me-not!

That rapturous hour with that dear maid
From memory's page no time shall blot,
When, yielding to my kiss, she said,
"O Theodore—Forget me not!"

TO A FORGET-ME-NOT.

Alas! for love, alas! for truth,
Alas! for man's uncertain lot!
Alas! for all the hopes of youth,
That fade like thee—Forget-me-not!

Alas! for that one image fair,
With all my brightest dreams inwrought,
That walks beside me everywhere,
Still whispering—Forget me not!

O Memory! thou art but a sigh
For friendships dead and loves forgot;
And many a cold and altered eye,
That once did say—Forget me not!

And I must bow me to thy laws,
For—odd although it may be thought—
I can't tell who the deuce it was
That gave me this Forget-me-not.

THEODORE MARTIN.

WITHOUT AND WITHIN.

MY coachman, in the moonlight there,
Looks through the side-light of the door;
I hear him with his brethren swear,
As I could do,—but only more.

Flattening his nose against the pane,
He envies me my brilliant lot,
Breathes on his aching fists in vain,
And dooms me to a place more hot.

He sees me in to supper go,
A silken wonder by my side,
Bare arms, bare shoulders, and a row
Of flounces, for the door too wide.

He thinks how happy is my arm
'Neath its white-gloved and jewelled load;
And wishes me some dreadful harm,
Hearing the merry corks explode.

Meanwhile I only curse the lore
Of hunting still the same old corn,
And envy him, outside the door,
In golden quiets of the morn.

The winter wind is not so cold
As the bright smile he sees me win,
Nor the host's oldest wine so old
As our poor gabble sour and thin.

I envy him the ungyved prance
By which his freezing feet he warms,
And drag my lady's-chains and dance
The galley-slave of dreary forms.

O, could he have my share of din,
And I his quiet!—past a doubt
'Twould still be one man bored within,
And just another bored without.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

SPECTATOR AB EXTRA.

AS I sat at the café I said to myself,
They may talk as they please about what they call pelf,
They may sneer as they like about eating and drinking,
But help it I cannot, I cannot help thinking
How pleasant it is to have money, heigh-ho!
How pleasant it is to have money.

SPECTATOR AB EXTRA.

I sit at my table *en grand seigneur*,
And when I have done, throw a crust to the poor ;
Not only the pleasure itself of good living,
But also the pleasure of now and then giving :
So pleasant it is to have money, heigh-ho !
So pleasant it is to have money.

They may talk as they please about what they call pelf,
And how one ought never to think of one's-self,
How pleasures of thought surpass eating and drinking,
My pleasure of thought is the pleasure of thinking
How pleasant it is to have money, heigh-ho !
How pleasant it is to have money.

LE DINER.

Come along, 'tis the time, ten or more minutes past,
And he who came first had to wait for the last;
The oysters ere this had been in and been out;
While I have been sitting and thinking about
How pleasant it is to have money,
heigh-ho!
How pleasant it is to have money.

A clear soup with eggs; *voilà tout;* of the fish
The *filets de sole* are a moderate dish
À la Orly, but you're for red mullet, you say;
By the gods of good fare, who can question to-day
How pleasant it is to have money,
heigh-ho!
How pleasant it is to have money.

After oysters, Sauterne; then Sherry; Champagne,
Ere one bottle goes, comes another again;

SPECTATOR AB EXTRA.

Fly up, thou bold cork, to the ceiling above,
And tell to our ears in the sound that we love
How pleasant it is to have money,
heigh-ho!
How pleasant it is to have money.

I've the simplest of palates; absurd it may be,
But I almost could dine on a *poulet-au-riz*,
Fish and soup and omelette and that—but the deuce—
There were to be woodcocks, and not *Charlotte Russe!*
So pleasant it is to have money,
heigh-ho!
So pleasant it is to have money.

Your Chablis is acid, away with the hock,
Give me the pure juice of the purple Médoc;

St. Peray is exquisite ; but, if you please,
Some Burgundy just before tasting the cheese.
So pleasant it is to have money,
heigh-ho !
So pleasant it is to have money.

As for that, pass the bottle, and hang the expense—
I've seen it observed by a writer of sense,
That the laboring classes could scarce live a day,
If people like us didn't eat, drink, and pay.
So useful it is to have money,
heigh-ho !
So useful it is to have money.

One ought to be grateful, I quite apprehend,
Having dinner and supper and plenty to spend,
And so suppose now, while the things go away,
By way of a grace we all stand up and say

SPECTATOR AB EXTRA.

How pleasant it is to have money,
heigh-ho!
How pleasant it is to have money.

PARVENANT.

I cannot but ask, in the park and the streets,
When I look at the number of persons one meets,
Whate'er in the world the poor devils can do
Whose fathers and mothers can't give them a *sous*.
So needful it is to have money,
heigh-ho!
So needful it is to have money.

I ride, and I drive, and I care not a d——n,
The people look up and they ask who I am;
And if I should chance to run over a cad,
I can pay for the damage, if ever so bad.

So useful it is to have money,
heigh-ho!
So useful it is to have money.

It was but this winter I came up to town,
And already I'm gaining a sort of renown;
Find my way to good houses without much ado,
Am beginning to see the nobility too.
So useful it is to have money,
heigh-ho!
So useful it is to have money.

O dear what a pity they ever should lose it,
Since they are the people who know how to use it;
So easy, so stately, such manners, such dinners;
And yet, after all, it is we are the winners.
So needful it is to have money,
heigh-ho!
So needful it is to have money.

It is all very well to be handsome and tall,
Which certainly makes you look well at a ball,
It's all very well to be clever and witty,
But if you are poor why it's only a pity.
So needful it is to have money,
heigh-ho!
So needful it is to have money.

There's something undoubtedly in a fine air,
To know how to smile and be able to stare,
High breeding is something, but well bred or not,
In the end the one question is, what have you got?
So needful it is to have money,
heigh-ho!
So needful it is to have money.

And the angels in pink and the angels in blue,
In muslins and moirés so lovely and new,

What is it they want, and so wish you to guess,
But if you have money, the answer is yes.
So needful, they tell you, is money,
heigh-ho!
So needful it is to have money.

ARTHUR H. CLOUGH.

SING HEIGH-HO!

THERE sits a bird on every tree,
Sing heigh-ho!
There sits a bird on every tree,
And courts his love, as I do thee;
Sing heigh-ho, and heigh-ho!
Young maids must marry.

There grows a flower on every bough,
Sing heigh-ho!

SING HEIGH-HO.

There grows a flower on every bough,
Its petals kiss—I'll show you how:
Sing heigh-ho, and heigh-ho!
Young maids must marry.

From sea to stream the salmon roam:
Sing heigh-ho!
From sea to stream the salmon roam;
Each finds a mate, and leads her home;
Sing heigh-ho, and heigh-ho!
Young maids must marry.

The sun's a bridegroom, earth a bride,
Sing heigh-ho!
They court from morn till eventide:
The earth shall pass, but love abide;
Sing heigh-ho, and heigh-ho!
Young maids must marry.

REV. CHARLES KINGSLEY.

BECAUSE.

SWEET Nea!—for your lovely sake
I weave these rambling numbers,
Because I've lain an hour awake,
And can't compose my slumbers;
Because your beauty's gentle light
Is round my pillow beaming,
And flings, I know not why, to-night,
Some witchery o'er my dreaming!

Because we've pass'd some joyous days,
And danced some merry dances;
Because we love old Beaumont's plays,
And old Froissart's romances!
Because whene'er I hear your words
Some pleasant feeling lingers:
Because I think your heart has cords
That vibrate to your fingers!

BECAUSE.

Because you've got those long, soft curls,
I've sworn should deck my goddess;
Because you're not, like other girls,
All bustle, blush, and boddice!
Because your eyes are deep and blue,
Your fingers long and rosy;
Because a little child and you
Would make one's home so cozy!

Because your little tiny nose
Turns up so pert and funny;
Because I know you choose your beaux
More for their mirth than money;
Because I think you'd rather twirl
A waltz, with me to guide you,
Than talk small nonsense with an earl,
And a coronet beside you!

Because you don't object to walk,
And are not given to fainting;

BECAUSE.

Because you have not learned to talk
Of flowers, and Poonah-painting:
Because I think you'd scarce refuse
To sew one on a button;
Because I know you'd sometimes choose
To dine on simple mutton!

Because I think I'm just so weak
As, some of those fine morrows,
To ask you if you'll let me speak
My story—and *my* sorrows;
Because the rest's a simple thing,
A matter quickly over,
A church—a priest—a sigh—a ring—
And a chaise and four to Dover

EDWARD FITZGERALD.

NEIGHBOR NELLY.

I'M in love with neighbor Nelly,
Though I know she's only ten,
While, alas, I'm eight-and-forty—
And the *marriedest* of men!
I've a wife who weighs me double,
I've three daughters all with *beaux:*
I've a son with noble whiskers,
Who at me turns up his nose—

Though a square-toes, and a fogey,
Still I've sunshine in my heart:
Still I'm fond of cakes and marbles,
Can appreciate a tart—
I can love my neighbor Nelly
Just as tho' I were a boy:
I could hand her nuts and apples
From my depths of corduroy.

She is tall, and growing taller,
  She is vigorous of limb:
(You should see her play at cricket
  With her little brother Jim.)
She has eyes as blue as damsons,
  She has pounds of auburn curls,
She regrets the game of leapfrog
  Is prohibited to girls.

I adore my neighbor Nelly,
  I invite her in to tea:
And I let her nurse the baby—
  All her pretty ways to see.
Such a darling bud of woman,
  Yet remote from any teens,—
I have learnt from neighbor Nelly
  What the girl's doll-instinct means.

Oh! to see her with the baby!
  He adores her more than I,—

NEIGHBOR NELLY.

How she choruses his crowing,—
  How she hushes every cry!
How she loves to pit his dimples
  With her light forefinger deep.
How she boasts to me in triumph
  When she's got him off to sleep!

We must part, my neighbor Nelly,
  For the summers quickly flee;
And your middle-aged admirer
  Must supplanted quickly be.
Yet as jealous as a mother,—
  A distemper'd canker'd churl,
I look vainly for the setting
  To be worthy such a pearl.

ROBERT B. BROUGH.

LETTICE WHITE.

MY neighbor White; we met to-day,
He always had a cheerful way,
As if he breathed at ease;
My neighbour White lives down the glade,
And I live higher, in the shade
Of my old walnut-trees.

So many lads and lasses small,
To feed them all, to clothe them all,
Must surely tax his wit;
I see his thatch when I look out,
His branching roses creep about
And vines half smother it.

There white-haired urchins climb his eaves,
And little watch-fires heap with leaves,
And milky filberts hoard;

And there his oldest daughter stands
With downcast eyes and skilful hands
Before her ironing-board.

She comforts all her mother's days,
And with her sweet obedient ways
She makes her labors light;
So sweet to hear, so fair to see!
Oh, she is much too good for me,
That lovely Lettice White!

'Tis hard to feel one's self a fool!
With that same lass I went to school;
I then was great and wise;
She read upon an easier book,
And I,—I never cared to look
Into her shy blue eyes.

And now I know they must be there,
Sweet eyes, behind those lashes fair
That will not raise their rim:

If maids be shy, he cures who can,
But if a man be shy—a man—
Why then, the worse for him!

My mother cries, "For such a lad
A wife is easy to be had
And always to be found;
A finer scholar scarce can be,
And for a foot and leg," says she,
"He beats the country round!"

"My handsome boy must stoop his head
To clear her door whom he would wed."
Weak praise, but fondly sung!
"O mother! scholars sometimes fail,
And what can foot and leg avail
To him that wants a tongue!"

When by her ironing-board I sit
Her little sisters round me flit,
And bring me forth their store;

LETTICE WHITE.

Dark cluster grapes of dusty blue,
And small sweet apples bright of hue,
And crimson to the core.

But she abideth silent, fair,
All shaded by her flaxen hair,
The blushes come and go;
I look, and I no more can speak
Than the red sun that on her cheek
Smiles as he lieth low.

Sometimes the roses by the latch
Or scarlet vine-leaves from her thatch
Come sailing down like birds;
When from their drifts her board I clear,
She thanks me, but I scarce can hear
The shyly uttered words.

Oft have I wooed sweet Lettice White
By daylight and by candlelight
When we two were apart.

Some better day come on apace,
And let me tell her face to face,
"Maiden, thou hast my heart!"

How gently rock yon poplars high
Against the reach of primrose sky
With heaven's pale candles stored!
She sees them all, sweet Lettice White;
I'll e'en go sit again to-night
Beside her ironing-board.

JEAN INGELOW.

MADAME LA MARQUISE.

THE folds of her wine-dark violet dress
Glow over the sofa, fall on fall,
As she sits in the air of her loveliness,
With a smile for each and for all.

MADAME LA MARQUISE.

Half of her exquisite face in the shade
Which o'er it the screen in her soft hand flings;
Through the gloom glows her hair in its odorous braid;
In the firelight are sparkling her rings.

As she leans,—the slow smile half shut up in her eyes
Beams the sleepy, long, silk-soft lashes beneath;
Through her crimson lips, stirred by her faint replies,
Breaks one gleam of her pearl-white teeth.

As she leans,—where your eye, by her beauty subdued,
Droops—from under warm fringes of broidery white,
The slightest of feet, silken slippered, protrude
For one moment, then slip out of sight.

MADAME LA MARQUISE.

As I bend o'er her bosom to tell her the news,
The faint scent of her hair, the approach of her cheek,
The vague warmth of her breath, all my senses suffuse
With HERSELF; and I tremble to speak.

So she sits in the curtained luxurious light
Of that room with its porcelain, and pictures, and flowers,
When the dark day's half done, and the snow flutters white
Past the windows in feathery showers.

All without is so cold,—'neath the low, leaden sky!
Down the bald empty street, like a ghost, the gendarme
Stalks surly; a distant carriage hums by;—
All within is so bright and so warm!

But she drives after noon;—then's the time to behold her,
With her fair face, half hid, like a ripe peeping rose,
'Neath the veil,—o'er the velvets and furs which enfold her,—
Leaning back with a queenly repose.

As she glides up the sunlight, you'd say she was made
To loll back in a carriage all day with a smile;
And at dusk, on a sofa, to lean in the shade
Of soft lamps, and be wooed for a while.

Could we find out her heart through that velvet and lace!
Can it beat without ruffling her sumptuous dress?
She will show us her shoulder, her bosom, her face
But what the heart's like, we must guess.

IRISH EYES.

With live women and men to be found in the
world—
(Live with sorrow and sin—live with pain and
with passion)—
Who could live with a doll, though its locks should
be curled,
And its petticoats trimmed in the fashion?

'Tis so fair! Would my bite, if I bit it, draw blood?
Will it cry if I hurt it? or scold if I kiss?
Is it made, with its beauty, of wax or of wood?
. . . Is it worth while to guess at all this?

OWEN MEREDITH.

IRISH EYES.

IRISH eyes! Irish eyes!
Eyes that most of all can move me!
Lift one look
From my book,

IRISH EYES.

Through your lashes dark, and prove me
In my worship, oh how wise!

Other orbs, be content!
In your honor, not dispraisal—
Most I prize
Irish eyes,
Since were not your ebon, hazel,
Violet—all to light them lent?

Then no mischief, merry eyes!
Stars of thought, no jealous fancies
Can I err
To prefer
This sweet union of your glances,
Sparkling, darkling Irish eyes?

A. Perceval Graves.

THE PROUDEST LADY.

THE Queen is proud on her throne,
And proud are her maids so fine;
But the proudest lady that ever was known
Is this little lady of mine.
And oh! she flouts me, she flouts me!
And spurns, and scorns, and scouts me!
Though I drop on my knees, and sue for grace,
And beg and beseech, with the saddest face,
Still ever the same she doubts me.

She is seven by the calendar,
A lily's almost as tall;
But oh! this little lady's by far
The proudest lady of all!
It's her sport and pleasure to flout me!
To spurn and scorn and scout me!
But ah! I've a notion it's naught but play,

And that, say what she will and feign what she may,
She can't well do without me!

For at times, like a pleasant tune,
A sweeter mood o'ertakes her;
Oh! then she's sunny as skies of June,
And all her pride forsakes her.
Oh! she dances round me so fairly!
Oh! her laugh rings out so rarely!
Oh! she coaxes, and nestles, and peers, and pries,
In my puzzled face with her two great eyes,
And owns she loves me dearly.

THOMAS WESTWOOD.

ROSE SONG.

SUNNY breadth of roses,
Roses white and red,
Rosy bud and rose leaf
From the blossom shed!

ROSE SONG.

Goes my darling flying
All the garden through;
Laughing she eludes me,
Laughing I pursue.

Now to pluck the rosebud,
Now to pluck the rose
(Hand a sweeter blossom),
Stopping as she goes:
What but this contents her,
Laughing in her flight,
Pelting with the red rose,
Pelting with the white.

Roses round me flying,
Roses in my hair,
I to snatch them trying:
Darling, have a care!

MY OLD COAT.

Lips are so like flowers,
I might snatch at those,
Redder than the rose leaves,
Sweeter than the rose.

WILLIAM SAWYER.

MY OLD COAT.

I.

THIS old velvet coat has grown queer I admit,
And changed is the color and loose is the fit;
Though to beauty it certainly cannot aspire,
'Tis a cozy old coat for a seat by the fire.

II.

When I first put it on, it was awfully swell;
I went to a picnic, met Lucy Lepel,
Made a hole in the heart of that sweet little girl,
And disjointed the nose of her lover, the earl.

III.

We rambled away o'er the moorland together;
My coat was bright purple, and so was the heather,
And so was the sunset that blazed in the west,
As Lucy's fair tresses were laid on my breast.

IV.

We plighted our troth 'neath that sunset aflame,
But Lucy returned to her earl all the same;
She's a grandmamma now, and is going down-hill,
But my old velvet coat is a friend to me still.

V.

It was built by a tailor of mighty renown,
Whose art is no longer the talk of the town:
A magical picture my memory weaves
When I thrust my tired arms through its easy old sleeves.

VI.

I see in my fire, through the smoke of my pipe,
Sweet maidens of old that are long over-ripe,
And a troop of old cronies, right gay cavaliers,
Whose guineas paid well for champagne at Watier's.

VII.

A strong generation, who drank, fought, and kissed,
Whose hands never trembled, whose shots never missed,
Who lived a quick life, for their pulses beat high—
We remember them well, sir, my old coat and I.

VIII.

Ah, gone is the age of wild doings at court,
Rotten boroughs, knee-breeches, hair-triggers, and port;
Still I've got a magnum to moisten my throat,
And I'll drink to the past in my tattered old coat.

MORTIMER COLLINS.

AD CHLOEN, M.A.

(Fresh from her Cambridge Examination.)

LADY, very fair are you,
And your eyes are very blue,
And your hose;
And your brow is like the snow;
And the various things you know
Goodness knows.

And the rose flush on your cheek,
And your algebra and Greek
Perfect are;
And that loving lustrous eye
Recognizes in the sky
Every star.

You have pouting piquant lips,
You can doubtless an eclipse
Calculate;

But for your cœrulean hue,
I had certainly from you
Met my fate.

If by an arrangement dual
I were Adams mixed with Whewell,
Then some day
I, as wooer, perhaps might come
To so sweet an Artium
Magistra.

MORTIMER COLLINS.

CHLOE, M.A.

Ad amantem suum.

CARELESS rhymer! it is true
That my favourite color's blue:
But am I

To be made a victim, sir,
If to puddings I prefer
Cambridge π!

If with giddier girls I play
Croquet through the summer day
On the turf,
Then at night ('tis no great boon)
Let me study how the moon
Sways the surf.

Tennyson's idyllic verse
Surely suits me none the worse
If I seek
Old Sicilian birds and bees—
Music of sweet Sophocles—
Golden Greek.

You have said my eyes are blue;
There may be a fairer hue,
Perhaps,—and yet

It is surely not a sin
If I keep my secrets in
Violet.

MORTIMER COLLINS.

AN INTERLUDE.

IN the greenest growth of the May-time,
I rode where the woods were wet,
Between the dawn and the day-time;
The spring was glad that we met.

There was something the season wanted,
Though the ways and the woods smelt sweet;
The breath at your lips that panted,
The pulse of the grass at your feet.

You came, and the sun came after,
And the green grew golden above;
And the May-flowers lightened with laughter,
And the meadow-sweet shook with love.

AN INTERLUDE.

Your feet in the full-grown grasses
  Moved soft as a weak wind blows;
You passed me as April passes,
  With face made out of a rose.

By the stream where the stems were slender,
  Your light foot paused at the sedge;
It might be to watch the tender
  Light leaves in the spring-time hedge,

On boughs that the sweet month blanches
  With flowery frost of May;
It might be a bird in the branches,
  It might be a thorn in the way.

I waited to watch you linger,
  With foot drawn back from the dew,
Till a sunbeam straight like a finger
  Struck sharp through the leaves at you.

And a bird overhead sang "Follow,"
  And a bird to the right sang "Here,"
And the arch of the leaves was hollow,
  And the meaning of May was clear.

I saw where the sun's hand pointed,
  I knew what the bird's note said;
By the dawn and the dewfall anointed,
  You were queen by the gold on your head.

As the glimpse of a burnt-out ember
  Recalls a regret of the sun,
I remember, forget, and remember
  What love saw done and undone.

I remember the way we parted,
  The day and the way we met;
You hoped we were both broken-hearted,
  And knew we should both forget.

AN INTERLUDE.

And May with her world in flower
  Seemed still to murmur and smile
As you murmured and smiled for an hour;
  I saw you twice at the stile.

A hand like a white-wood blossom
  You lifted, and waved and passed,
With head hung down to the bosom,
  And pale, as it seemed, to the last.

And the best and the worst of this is,
  That neither is most to blame,
If you've forgotton my kisses,
  And I've forgotten your name.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

ON AN INTAGLIO HEAD OF MINERVA.

THE cunning hand that carved this face,
A little helmeted Minerva—
The hand, I say, ere Phidias wrought,
Had lost its subtle skill and fervor.

Who was he? Was he glad or sad?
Who knew to carve in such a fashion?
Perchance he shaped this dainty head
For some brown girl that scorned his passion.

But he is dust; we may not know
His happy or unhappy story:
Nameless and dead these thousand years,
His work outlives him—there's his glory!

Both man and jewel lay in earth
Beneath a lava-buried city;
The thousand summers came and went,
With neither haste, nor hate, nor pity.

ON AN INTAGLIO.

The years wiped out the man, but left
  The jewel fresh as any blossom.
Till some Visconti dug it up,
  To rise and fall on Mabel's bosom.

O Roman brother! See how Time
  Your gracious handiwork has guarded;
See how your loving, patient art
  Has come, at last, to be rewarded.

Who would not suffer slights of men,
  And pangs of hopeless passion also,
To have his carven agate-stone
  On such a bosom rise and fall so!

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

WHAT THE WOLF REALLY SAID TO LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD.

WONDERING maiden, so puzzled and fair,
Why dost thou murmur and ponder and stare?
"Why are thy eyelids so open and wild?"—
Only the better to see with, my child!
Only the better and clearer to view
Cheeks that are rosy, and eyes that are blue.

Dost thou still wonder, and ask why these arms
Fill thy soft bosom with tender alarms,
Swaying so wickedly?—are they misplaced,
Clasping or shielding some delicate waist:
Hands whose coarse sinews may fill you with fear
Only the better protect you, my dear!

Little Red Riding-Hood, when in the street,
Why do I press your small hand when we meet?

TO AN UTTER STRANGER.

Why, when you timidly offered your cheek,
Why did I sigh, and why didn't I speak?
Why, well: you see—if the truth must appear—
I'm not your grandmother, Riding-Hood, dear!

BRET HARTE.

TO AN UTTER STRANGER.

IT cannot be said I've no love
Because I've no sighs;
Believe me not utterly blind,
For slighting your eyes.
No violet,—purple, not red,—
Can rival their hue;
Maria's are hazel you know—
Well, hazel will do.
I will not deny that your hair
Is black as the wings
Of ravens—I'm tired of ravens—

The troublesome things.
Maria's is certainly auburn,
Whatever you say—
Rich color that runs little risk
Of changing to gray.
And though it appears that her lips
Are not "stung by bees,"
The kisses they'll possibly give
Will equally please.
I cannot pretend to assert
Her teeth to be pearls—
Her locks to be hyacinth leaves—
They're curls—simply curls.
And down where they nestle below
Her unswanlike neck,
A bosom that's not alabaster
They happily deck.
The light heart that's dancing beneath
That breast, gives me life;

A BEGGING LETTER.

The lips utter merely one word—
Sweet sentiment—wife.
It cannot be said I've no heart
Because it won't break—
Life or soul, because I decline
To die for your sake.

E. F. BLANCHARD.

A BEGGING LETTER.

MY DEAR, TO-MORROW
I can think
Of little else to do,
And so I take my pen and ink
And drop a line to you.
I own that I am ill at ease
Respecting you to-day;
Do let me have an answer, please;
Répondez, s'il vous plaît.

A BEGGING LETTER.

I long to like you very much,
  But that will all depend
On whether you "behave as such"
  (I mean, dear, as a friend).
I'll set you quite an easy task
  At which you are *au fait;*
You'll come and bring me what I ask?
  Répondez, s'il vous plaît.

Be sure to recollect your purse,
  For, be it understood,
Though money-matters might be worse,
  They're very far from good.
So, if you have a little gold
  You care to give away——
But am I growing over-bold?
  Répondez, s'il vous plaît.

A little—just a little—fame
  You must contrive to bring;

A BEGGING LETTER.

Because I think a poet's name
  Would be a pleasant thing.
Perhaps, though, as I've scarcely got
  A single claim to lay
To such a gift, you'd rather not;
  Répondez, s'il vous plaît.

Well, well, To-morrow, you may strike
  A line through what's above:
And bring me folks that I can like,
  And folks that I can love.
A warmer heart; a quicker brain,
  I'll ask for, if I may:
To-morrow, shall I ask in vain?
  Répondez, s'il vous plaît.

HENRY S. LEIGH.

THE ROMANCE OF A GLOVE.

HERE on my desk it lies,
Here as the daylight dies,
One small glove just her size—
Six and a quarter;
Pearl-gray, a color neat,
Deux boutons all complete,
Faint-scented, soft and sweet;
Could glove be smarter?

Can I the day forget,
Years ago, when the pet
Gave it me?—where we met
Still I remember;
Then 'twas the summer-time;
Now as I write this rhyme
Children love pantomime—
'Tis in December.

Fancy my boyish bliss
Then when she gave me this,
And how the frequent kiss
  Crumpled its fingers ;
Then she was fair and kind,
Now, when I've changed my mind,
Still some scent undefined
  On the glove lingers.

Though she's a matron sage,
Yet I have kept the gage ;
While, as I pen this page,
  Still comes a goddess,
Her eldest daughter, fair,
With the same eyes and hair :
Happy the arm, I swear,
  That clasps her bodice.

Heaven grant her fate be bright,
And her step ever light

PET'S PUNISHMENT.

As it will be to-night,
First in the dances.
Why did her mother prove
False when I dared to love?
Zounds! I shall burn the glove!
This my romance is.

H. Saville Clarke.

PET'S PUNISHMENT.

OH, if my love offended me,
And we had words together,
To show her I would master be,
I'd whip her with a feather!

If then she, like a naughty girl,
Would tyranny declare it,
I'd give my pet a cross of pearl,
And make her always bear it.

If still she tried to sulk and sigh,
And threw away my posies,
I'd catch my darling on the sly,
And smother her with roses!

But should she clench her dimpled fists,
Or contradict her betters,
I'd manacle her tiny wrists
With dainty golden fetters.

And if she dared her lips to pout—
Like many pert young misses—
I'd wind my arm her waist about,
And punish her—with kisses!

J. ASHBY STERRY.

LITTLE GERTY.

I'VE a sweetheart blithe and gay,
Fairer far than fabled fay,
Light and airy.

LITTLE GERTY.

She is bright and debonnaire,
Softly falls her golden hair;
I all other loves forswear:
Little fairy.

Little Gerty swears she's true,
Gives me kisses not a few;
Do I doubt her?
Hearts are often bought and sold;
Is it glitter, is it gold?
Half my grief could not be told
Were I without her.

Gerty scolds me if I roam,
Wonders what I want from home,
With sly glances—
Looks that seem to me to say,
"I have waited all the day;
You were very wrong to stray,
Naughty Francis."

LITTLE GERTY.

If I whisper, "We must part,"
Gerty, sighing, breaks her heart;
Awkward, very.
When I say that I'll remain,
All her smiles return again,
Like warm sunshine after rain;
We are merry.

If my sweetheart knows her mind,
Love is mad as well as blind.
Little Gerty
Says she means to marry me;
She is only six, you see;
I—alas, that it should be!—
Am two-and-thirty.

FRANK STAINFORTH.

WOMAN.

ALL honor to woman, the sweetheart, the wife,
The delight of our firesides by night and by day,
Who never does anything wrong in her life,
Except when permitted to have her own way.

FITZ GREENE HALLECK.

THE TOPER'S APOLOGY.

I'M often ask'd by plodding souls,
And men of crafty tongue,
What joy I take in draining bowls,
And tippling all night long.
Now, tho' these cautious knaves I scorn,
For once I'll not disdain
To tell them why I sit till morn,
And fill my glass again:

THE TOPER'S APOLOGY.

'Tis by the glow my bumper gives
Life's picture's mellow made;
The fading light then brightly lives,
And softly sinks the shade;
Some happier tint still rises there
With every drop I drain—
And that I think's a reason fair
To fill my glass again.

My Muse, too, when her wings are dry
No frolic flight will take;
But round a bowl she'll dip and fly,
Like swallows round a lake.
Then if the nymph will have her share
Before she'li bless her swain—
Why that I think's a reason fair
To fill my glass again.

In life I've rung all changes too,—
Run every pleasure down,—

Tried all extremes of fancy through,
And lived with half the town;
For me there's nothing new or rare,
Till wine deceives my brain—
And that I think's a reason fair
To fill my glass again.

Then, many a lad I liked is dead,
And many a lass grown old;
And as the lesson strikes my head,
My weary heart grows cold.
But wine, awhile, drives off despair,
Nay, bids a hope remain—
And that I think's a reason fair
To fill my glass again.

Then, hipp'd and vex'd at England's state
In these convulsive days,
I can't endure the ruin'd fate
My sober eye surveys;

But, 'midst the bottle's dazzling glare,
I see the gloom less plain—
And that I think's a reason fair
To fill my glass again.

I find too when I stint my glass,
And sit with sober air,
I'm prosed by some dull reasoning ass,
Who treads the path of care;
Or, harder tax'd, I'm forced to bear
Some coxcomb's fribbling strain—
And that I think's a reason fair
To fill my glass again.

Nay, don't we see Love's fetters, too,
With different holds entwine?
While nought but death can some undo,
There's some give way to wine,
With me the lighter head I wear
The lighter hangs the chain—

And that I think's a reason fair
To fill my glass again.

And now I'll tell, to end my song,
At what I most repine;
This cursed war, or right or wrong,
Is war against all wine;
Nay, Port, they say, will soon be rare
As juice of France or Spain—
And that I think's a reason fair
To fill my glass again.

CAPTAIN CHARLES MORRIS.

ON THE DISTINGUISHED SINGER, MISS ELLEN TREE.

ON this Tree if a nightingale settles and sings,
The Tree will return her as good as she brings.

HENRY LUTTRELL.

LOVE IN A COTTAGE.

THEY may talk of love in a cottage,
And bowers of trellised vine,
Of nature bewitchingly simple,
And milkmaids half divine;
They may talk of the pleasure of sleeping
In the shade of a spreading tree,
And a walk in the fields at morning,
By the side of a footstep free!

True love is at home on a carpet,
And mightily likes his ease;
And true love has an eye for a dinner,
And starves beneath shady trees.
His wing is the fan of a lady,
His foot's an invisible thing,
And his arrow is tipped with a jewel,
And shot from a silver string.

N. P. WILLIS.

TOUJOURS AMOUR.

PRITHEE tell me, Dimple-Chin,
At what age doth love begin?
Your blue eyes have scarcely seen
Summers three, my fairy queen,
But a miracle of sweets,
Soft approaches, sly retreats,
Show the little archer there,
Hidden in your pretty hair;
When didst learn a heart to win?
Prithee tell me, Dimple-Chin!

"Oh!" the rosy lips reply,
"I can't tell you if I try.
'Tis so long I can't remember:
Ask some younger lass than I!"

Tell, O tell me, Grizzled-Face,
Do your heart and head keep pace?
When does hoary Love expire,

STANZAS TO AN INTOXICATED FLY.

When do frosts put out the fire?
Can its embers burn below
All that chill December snow?
Care you still soft hands to press,
Bonny heads to smooth and bless?
When does Love give up the chase?
Tell, O tell me, Grizzled-Face?

"Ah!" the wise old lips reply,
"Youth may pass and strength may die;
But of Love I can't foretoken:
Ask some older sage than I!"

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

STANZAS TO AN INTOXICATED FLY.

IT'S a singular fact that whenever I order
My goblet of Guinnes or bumper of Bass,
Out of ten or a dozen that sport round the border,
Some fly turns a summersault into my glass.

STANZAS TO AN INTOXICATED FLY.

Ah, believe me, fond fly, 'tis excessively sinful,
This habit which knocks even blue-bottles up;
Just remember what Cassio, on getting a skinful,
Remark'd about every inordinate cup.

Pray where is your home, and O, how will you
get there,
And what will your wife and your family think?
Pray, now, shall you venture to show the whole
set there
That paterfamilias is given to drink?

O think of the moment when conscience re-
turning
Shall put the brief pleasures of Bacchus to
flight;
When the tongue shall be parch'd and the brow
shall be burning,
And most of to-morrow shall taste of to-night.

For the toast shall be tough and the tea shall
be bitter,
And even through breakfast this thought shall
intrude:
That a little pale brandy and seltzer were fitter
For such an occasion than animal food.

HENRY S. LEIGH.

BURNHAM-BEECHES.

A BARD, dear muse, unapt to sing,
Your friendly aid beseeches.
Help me to touch the lyric string,
In praise of Burnham-beeches.

What tho' my tributary lines
Be less like Pope's than Creech's,
The theme, if not the poet, shines,
So bright are Burnham-beeches.

BURNHAM-BEECHES.

O'er many a dell and upland walk,
Their sylvan beauty reaches,
Of Birnam-wood let Scotland talk,
While we've our Burnham-beeches.

Oft do I linger, oft return,
(Say, who my taste impeaches)
Where holly, juniper, and fern,
Spring up round Burnham-beeches.

Tho' deep embower'd their shades among,
The owl at midnight screeches,
Birds of far merrier, sweeter song,
Enliven Burnham-beeches.

If "sermons be in stones," I'll bet
Our vicar, when he preaches,
He'd find it easier far to get
A hint from Burnham-beeches.

BURNHAM-BEECHES.

Their glossy rind here winter stains,
Here the hot solstice bleaches.
Bow, stubborn oaks! bow, graceful planes,
Ye match not Burnham-beeches.

Gardens may boast a tempting show
Of nectarines, grapes, and peaches,
But daintiest truffles lurk below
The boughs of Burnham-beeches.

Poets and painters, hither hie,
Here ample room for each is
With pencil and with pen to try
His hand at Burnham-beeches.

When monks, by holy Church well schooled,
Were lawyers, statesmen, leeches,
Cured souls and bodies, judged or ruled,
Then flourished Burnham-beeches,

BURNHAM-BEECHES.

Skirting the convent's walls of yore,
As yonder ruin teaches.
But shaven crown and cowl no more
Shall darken Burnham-beeches.

Here bards have mused, here lovers true
Have dealt in softest speeches,
While suns declined, and, parting, threw
Their gold o'er Burnham-beeches.

O ne'er may woodman's axe resound,
Nor tempest, making breaches
In the sweet shade that cools the ground
Beneath our Burnham-beeches.

Hold! tho' I'd fain be jingling on,
My power no further reaches—
Again that rhyme? enough—I've done,
Farewell to Burnham-beeches.

HENRY LUTTRELL.

LINES LEFT AT MR. THEODORE HOOK'S HOUSE IN JUNE, 1834.

AS Dick and I
Were a-sailing by
At Fulham bridge, I cock'd my eye,
And says I, "Add-zooks!
There's Theodore Hook's,
Whose Sayings and Doings make such pretty books.

"I wonder," says I,
Still keeping my eye
On the house, "if he's in—I should like to try;"
With his oar on his knee,
Says Dick, says he,
"Father, suppose you land and see!"

"What land and *sea*,"
Says I to he,
"Together! why Dick, why how can that be?"

LINES LEFT AT THEODORE HOOK'S HOUSE.

And my comical son,
Who is fond of fun,
I thought would have split his sides at the pun.

So we rows to shore,
And knocks at the door—
When William, a man I've seen often before,
Makes answer and says,
"Master's gone in a chaise
Call'd a *homnibus*, drawn by a couple of bays."

So I says then,
"Just lend me a pen:"
"I will, sir," says William, politest of men;
So having no card, these poetical brayings,
Are the record I leave of my doings and sayings.

RICHARD H. BARHAM.

UP THE AISLE—NELL LATINE'S WEDDING.

TAKE my cloak—and now fix my veil, Jenny;—
How silly to cover one's face!
I might as well be an old woman;
But then there's one comfort—it's lace.
Well, what *has* become of those ushers!
Oh, Pa! have you got my bouquet?—
I'll freeze standing here in the lobby—
Why doesn't the organist play!—
They've started at last—what a bustle!—
Stop, Pa!—they're not far enough—wait!
One minute more—now!—*do* keep step, Pa!
There, drop my trail, Jane!—is it straight?
I hope I look timid, and shrinking;
The church must be perfectly full—
Good gracious! now *don't* walk so fast, Pa!—

He don't seem to think that trains pull.
The chancel at last—mind the step, Pa!—
I don't feel embarrassed at all.—
But, my! what's the minister saying?
Oh, I know; that part 'bout Saint Paul.
I hope my position is graceful;
How awkwardly Nelly Dane stood!—
"Not lawfully be joined together—
Now speak"—as if any one would!—
Oh, dear! now it's my turn to answer—
I do wish that Pa would stand still.
"Serve him, love, honor, and keep him"—
How sweetly he says it—I will.
Where's Pa?—there, I knew he'd forget it,
When the time came to give me away—
"I, Helena, take thee—love—cherish—
And"—well, I can't help it—"obey."
Here, Maud, take my bouquet—don't drop it!
I hope Charley's not lost the ring;

Just like him!—no!—goodness, how heavy!
It's really an elegant thing.
It's a shame to kneel down in white satin—
And the flounce, real old lace—but I must;
I hope that they've got a clean cushion,
They're usually covered with dust.
All over—ah! thanks!—now, don't fuss, Pa!—
Just throw back my veil, Charley—there—
Oh, bother! why couldn't he kiss me
Without mussing up all my hair!—
Your arm, Charley, there goes the organ—
Who'd think there would be such a crowd;
Oh, I mustn't look round, I'd forgotten
See, Charley, who was it that bowed
Why—it's Nelly Allaire with her husband—
She's awfully jealous, I know;
'Most all of my things were imported,
And she had a home-made trousseau.
And there's Annie Wheeler—Kate Hermon,—

A VALENTINE.

I didn't expect her at all,—
If she's not in that same old blue satin
She wore at the Charity Ball!
Is that Fanny Wade?—Edith Pearton—
And Emma, and Jo—all the girls?
I knew that they'd not miss my wedding—
I hope they'll all notice my pearls.
Is the carriage there?—give me my cloak, Jane—
Don't get it all over my veil—
No! you take the other seat, Charley,
I need all this for my trail.

GEO. A. BAKER, JR.

A VALENTINE.

WELL, yes, of course it must be so;
No argument can shake it—
If one *will* offer up a heart,
The other need but take it.

A VALENTINE.

The truth of proverbs thus we learn,
The notion's far from new:
"Il y en a toujours l'un qui baise,
Et l'autre qui tend la joue."

You may not think it fair, perhaps;
Indeed, it does seem funny,
That bees should have to do the work
For drones to eat the honey;
And yet in love 'tis just the same,
It is the "rule of two,"—
"Il y en a toujours l'un qui baise,
Et l'autre qui tend la joue."

Perhaps 'tis this unequal yoke
That keeps our love from dying;
One only listens to the sighs,
The other does the sighing.
He gives his love, his life, his hopes,—
She gives her smiles,—a few . . .

"Il y en a toujours l'un qui baise,
Et l'autre qui tend la joue."

Still, I would be content to know
My love had small returning;
If I could hope to warm *your* heart,
I would not grudge *mine* burning!
In fact, you see, it comes to this
(Which proves I care for you),
"Je veux être toujours l'un qui baise,
Si tu me tends la joue!"

ETHEL GREY.

THERE'S A TIME TO BE JOLLY.

THERE'S a time to be jolly, a time to repent,
A season for folly, a season for Lent,
The first as the worst we too often regard;
The rest as the best, but our judgment is hard

THERE'S A TIME TO BE JOLLY.

There are snows in December and roses in June,
There's darkness at midnight and sunshine at noon;
But, were there no sorrow, no storm-cloud or rain,
Who'd care for the morrow with beauty again?

The world is a picture both gloomy and bright,
And grief is the shadow and pleasure the light,
And neither should smother the general tone:
For where were the other if either were gone?

The valley is lovely; the mountain is drear,
Its summit is hidden in mist all the year;
But gaze from the heaven, high over all weather,
And mountain and valley are lovely together.

I have learned to love Lucy, though faded she be;
If my next love be lovely, the better for me.
By the end of next summer, I'll give you my oath,
It was best, after all, to have flirted with both.

CHARLES G. LELAND (*Hans Breitmann*).

ALL IN THE DOWNS.

"Had I a little son, I would christen him 'Nothing-to-do.'"

CHARLES LAMB.

I WOULD I had something to do—or to think!
Or something to read, or to write!
I am rapidly verging on lunacy's brink,
Or I shall be dead before night.

In my ears has been ringing and droning all day,
Without ever a stop or a change,
That poem of Tennyson's—heart-cheering lay!—
Of the moated monotonous Grange!

The stripes in the carpet and paper alike
I have counted, and counted all through,
And now I've a fervid ambition to strike
Out some path of wild pleasure that's new.

ALL IN THE DOWNS.

They say, if a number you count, and recount,
That the time imperceptibly goes,—
Ah! I wish—how I wish!—I'd ne'er learnt the amount
Of my aggregate fingers and toes.

"Enjoyment is fleeting," the proverbs all say,
"Even that which it feeds upon fails."
I've arrived at the truth of the saying to-day,
By devouring the whole of my nails.

I have numbered the minutes so heavy and slow,
Till of that dissipation I tire,
And as for exciting amusements,—you know
One can't *always* be stirring the fire.

THOMAS HOOD, JUN.

THE COURTSHIP AND WEDDING.

AS I went to the wake that is held on the green,
I met with young Phœbe, as blithe as a queen;
A form so divine might an anchorite move,
And I found (tho' a clown) I was smitten with love:
So I ask'd for a kiss, but she, blushing, replied,
Indeed, gentle shepherd, you must be denied.

Lovely Phœbe, says I, don't affect to be shy,
I vow I will kiss you—here's nobody by;
No matter for that, she replied, 'tis the same;
For know, silly shepherd, I value my fame;
So pray let me go, I shall surely be miss'd;
Besides, I'm resolved that I will not be kiss'd.

Lord bless me! I cried, I'm surprised you refuse;
A few harmless kisses but serve to amuse;

TO MILDRED.

The month it is May, and the season for love,
So come, my dear girl, to the wake let us rove.
No, Damon, she cried, I must first be your wife,
You then shall be welcome to kiss me for life.

Well, come then, I cried, to the church let us go,
But after, dear Phœbe must never say "No."
Do *you* prove but true, (she replied,) you shall find
I'll ever be constant, good-humour'd and kind.
So I kiss when I please, for she ne'er says she won't,
And I kiss her so much, that I wonder she don't.

ANONYMOUS.

TO MILDRED.

YOU shun me like a fawn, my dearest Milly,
That seeks its mother on the pathless hills,
Trembling at every sound—the little silly—
Of whispering breezes or of gurgling rills.

Gazing, with trembling knees and beating heart.
At new-found marvels that she dare not pass;
And bounding off again with sudden start
From rustling leaves or lizards in the grass.

Don't be alarmed, my darling—I won't eat you—
I'm not a Bengal tiger nor a lion;
Leave your mamma for one who'll never cheat you;
You'd like a husband if you'd only try one.

ANONYMOUS.

KITTY OF COLERAINE.

AS beautiful Kitty one morning was tripping,
With a pitcher of milk from the fair of Coleraine,
When she saw me she stumbled, the pitcher it tumbled,
And all the sweet butter-milk water'd the plain.

KITTY OF COLERAINE.

O, what shall I do now, 'twas looking at you now,
Sure, sure, such a pitcher I'll ne'er meet again,
'Twas the pride of my dairy, O, Barney M'Leary,
You're sent as a plague to the girls of Coleraine.

I sat down beside her,—and gently did chide her,
That such a misfortune should give her such pain,
A kiss then I gave her,—before I did leave her,
She vow'd for such pleasure she'd break it again.

'Twas hay-making season, I can't tell the reason,
Misfortunes will never come single,—that's plain,
For, very soon after poor Kitty's disaster,
The devil a pitcher was whole in Coleraine.

ANONYMOUS.

A BALL-ROOM ROMANCE.

A FAIR good-night to thee, love,
A fair good-night to thee,
And pleasant be thy path, love,
Though it end not with me.
Liking light as ours, love,
Was never meant to last;
It was a moment's fantasy,
And as such it has passed.

We met in lighted halls,
And our spirits took their tone,
Like other dreams of midnight
With colder morning flown.
And thinkest thou to ever win
A single tear from me?
Lightly won and lightly lost,
I shed no tear for thee.

For him, the light and vain one,
For him there never wakes
That love for which a woman's heart
Will beat until it breaks.
And yet the spell was pleasant,
Though it be broken now,
Like shaking down loose blossoms
From off the careless bough.

Thy words were courtly flattery;
Such sink like morning dew:
But ah! love takes another tone,
The tender and the true.
There's little to remember,
And nothing to regret:
Love touches not the flatterer,
Love chains not the coquette.

'Twas of youth's fairy follies,
By which no shade is cast;

AN EXPOSTULATION.

One of its airy vanities,
And like them it hath past.
No vows were ever plighted,
We'd no farewell to say:
Gay were we when we met at first,
And parted just as gay. . . .
A fair good-night to thee, love,
A fair good-night awhile;
I have no parting sighs to give,
So take my parting smile.

ANONYMOUS.

AN EXPOSTULATION.

WHEN late I attempted your pity to move
What made you so deaf to my prayers:
Perhaps it was right to dissemble your love,
But—why did you kick me down stairs?

ANONYMOUS.

ROSETTE.

(*Imitated from the French of* BÉRANGER.)

YES! I know you're very fair;
And the rose-bloom of your cheek,
And the gold-crown of your hair,
Seem of tender love to speak.
But to me they speak in vain,
I am growing old, my pet,—
Ah! if I could love you now
As I used to love Rosette!

In your carriage every day
I can see you bow and smile;
Lovers your least word obey,
Mistress you of every wile.
She was poor, and went on foot,
Badly drest, you know,—and yet,—

Ah! if I could love you now
As I used to love Rosette!

You are clever, and well known
For your wit so quick and free;—
Now, Rosette, I blush to own,
Scarcely knew her A B C;
But she had a potent charm
In my youth:—ah, vain regret!
If I could but love you now
As I used to love Rosette!

THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH.

(*Imitated from the French of* BÉRANGER.)

IN the evening, I sit near my poker and tongs,
And I dream in the firelight's glow,
And sometimes I quaver forgotten old songs
That I listened to long ago.

Then out of the cinders there cometh a chirp,
Like an echoing, answering cry,—
Little we care for the outside world,
My friend the cricket and I.

For my cricket has learnt, I am sure of it quite,
That this earth is a silly, strange place,
And perhaps he's been beaten and hurt in the fight,
And perhaps he's been passed in the race.
But I know he has found it far better to sing
Than to talk of ill luck and to sigh,—
Little we care for the outside world,
My friend the cricket and I.

Perhaps he has loved, and perhaps he has lost,
And perhaps he is weary and weak,
And tired of life's torrent, so turbid and tost,
And disposed to be mournful and meek.

Yet still I believe that he thinks it is best
To sing, and let troubles float by,—
Little we care for the outside world,
My friend the cricket and I.

AN INVITATION.

(*From the French of* THÉOPHILE GAUTIER.)

TELL me, pretty one, where will you sail?
How shall our bark be steered, I pray?
Breezes flutter each silken vail,
Tell me, where will you go to-day?

My vessel's helm is of ivory white,
Her bulwarks glisten with jewels bright
And red gold;
The sails are made from the wings of a dove,
And the man at the wheel is the god of love,
Blythe and bold.

AN INVITATION.

Where shall we sail? 'Mid the Baltic's foam?
Or over the broad Pacific roam?
Don't refuse.
Say, shall we gather the sweet snow-flowers,
Or wander in rose-strewn Eastern bowers?
Only choose.

"Oh, carry me then," cried the fair coquette,
"To the land where never I've journeyed yet,
To that shore
Where love is lasting, and change unknown,
And a man is faithful to one alone
Evermore."

Go, seek that land for a year and a day,
At the end of the time you'll be still far away,
Pretty maid;—
'Tis a country unlettered in map or in chart,
'Tis a country that does not exist, sweetheart,
I'm afraid!

MY PRETTY NEIGHBOR.

(*From the French of* VICTOR HUGO.)

IF you've nothing, dear, to tell me,
Why, each morning passing by,
With your sudden smiles compel me,
To adore you, then repel me,
Pretty little neighbor, why?
Why, if you have naught to tell me,
Do you so my patience try?

If you've nothing, sweet, to teach me,
Tell me why you press my hand?
I'll attend if you'll impeach me
Of my sins, or even preach me
Sermons hard to understand;
But, if you have naught to teach me,
Dear, your meaning I demand!

THREE KISSES.

If you wish me, love, to leave you,
Why forever walk my way!
Then, when gladly I receive you,
Wherefore do I seem to grieve you?
Must I then, in truth, believe you
Wish me, darling, far away?
Do you wish me, love, to leave you?
Pretty little neighbor, say!

THREE KISSES.

(*Imitated from the German of* A. VON CHAMISSO.)

YOU little maid with golden hair,
As at my thin grey locks you stare,
Your lisping tongue
Half asks the question which your eyes
Half mirror in their sweet surprise,
Was I once young?

THREE KISSES.

Well, yes, there was a time, I think,
When even you could scarcely shrink
From saying so,
Some thought I was a handsome youth,
But then they died, in sober truth,
Long years ago.

Your dimpled face, so rosy round,
Recalls, as on my knee you bound,
Another,
As fresh and fair, which some one wore.
Who was she? Why, my pet, 'twas your
Grandmother!

Once in those days I kissed her hand
(I was in love, you understand);
She married
Your grandpapa; and as for me,
A broken heart across the sea
I carried.

THREE KISSES.

When I returned, your mother, sweet,
Was there my wearied steps to greet
With gladness:
But then came days of lovers' tryst;
Her fair brow as a bride I kist
In sadness.

Since then I've traveled far and wide,
And now you're sitting by my side,
Her daughter!
And often from your voice they ring,
The songs your mother used to sing,—
I taught her.

But as I kiss your baby lips,
And little rosy finger-tips,
My laughter
Is mingled with regret: I know

The bud will to a blossom blow,
The child must to a woman grow,
Hereafter.

THE BOUQUET.

(*From the German of* UHLAND).

IF every flower's an emblem, as you say,
And every twig suggests a separate feeling;
If sadness crouches 'neath the cypress grey,
And love from out a rosebud may be stealing;
If colors, too, express one's state of mind,
And Nature's tints can speak of human passion;
If Hope's fair livery in green we find,
And Jealousy brings yellow into fashion;
Then, sweetheart, in my garden there shall blow
All kinds of plants, whose various hues I'll borrow
In giving one bouquet to you, to show
Yours are my love, my cares, my hopes, my sorrow.

THE MISTAKEN MOTH.

(*Imitated from the German of* WEGENER.)

'MID the summer flush of roses
Red and white,
Sat a damsel fair, a very
Pretty sight;
Till a butterfly, so smart,
With a flutter and a dart,
Kissed her mouth, and made her start
In a fright.

"Ah, forgive me!" begged the insect,
"If you please;
I assure you that I didn't
Mean to tease.
I but took your rosebud lip
For the rose wherein I dip,
All its honey sweet to sip
At mine ease."

THE MISTAKEN MOTH.

Said the beauty, to the moth,
"You may try
To excuse your forward conduct,
Sir, but I
Wish it clearly understood
That such roses are too good
To be kissed by every rude
Butterfly!"

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